

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## "BEN."

By H. S. CANFIELD.

WHEN they saw his round, brown, fearless eyes they named him "Ben." That is a good name for a sheep-dog, being short and full, and carrying far over the prairie. He was born in Erath County in northwestern Texas. His mother was a Scotch collie of bluest blood; his father was a staghound. From the mother he got faith, affection, and reasoning power; from the father a broad, shaggy chest, powerful limbs, speed, courage, height, weight, and a fanged jaw that promised ill for anything against which he might be angered. In color he was black, with a white breast. Over each eye was a round tan spot. His tail was bushy; his hair was inclined to curl; his voice was deep and mellow as a golden bell.

His puppyhood did not vary from that of other ranch dogs. The herders who went out with the flocks came and looked at him, lifted him, peered into his eyes, and each of them wanted him. When one of them put him back with his mother, however, and turned away, Ben whined, crawled out of the nest, and staggered after the young man, his bowed legs flapping ridiculously. This man was named Aleck Moss, a tall young mountaineer who had strayed to the Texas plains from North Carolina. He stopped, picked Ben up, and gently petted him.

"Look thar, now!" he said to the others.

"He does n't want to let me go. He 's my pup, sure, and no mistake about that."

It was manifestly love at first sight between the two, as all the herders agreed. The flock that Moss tended was corraled each night at Merino Ranch, which was three miles from Home Ranch, which was three miles from Ewe Ranch. There were thus nine miles of ranch-land, and Merino Ranch was on the western edge of it. It was a hilly country and treeless, covered with brown grass in winter and green in spring, and a creek ran a hundred yards from the cabin door. The cabin was set upon the very top of a hill, close by the great wolf-proof corral in which stood the cotton-seed house. In the cold months the sheep were fed on cotton-seed twice a day, a pint of seed to each sheep. In the lonely cabin lived Moss and a man who cooked his meals and fed the sheep morning and evening. There was a stove at one end of it, a big fireplace at the other end, and the men slept in blankets on the floor. Ben slept in front of the fire. Often he dreamed, and told about it in a low, snuffling bark or a moan. When he moaned that meant he was having a hard time somewhere, and Moss would rise and wake him with a caress.

When he was six weeks old Ben chased his first jack-rabbit, and was astonished at the

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speed with which the thing got out of sight. It seemed to him an enormous animal, but he was not afraid of it. Sometimes, however, when lying before the fire at night, a long, fierce howl rose on the prairie away out in the dark, quavering on the air; and Ben shivered, he did not know why. He chased jack-rabbits often, but never caught any of them, and by the time he was a year old had become too wise to waste his strength and breath in such foolishness.

Long before he was grown his friend took him upon the prairie with the sheep, and they spent the days together. Those were good times. The prairie-chickens roared up in front of him. Now and then he found a bevy of quail which did not fly up until he was almost upon them. The warm sun shone brightly nearly every day; the air was very mild and just cool enough to be pleasant except when the northers blew. He had plenty to eat, and rolled upon the grass and raced about Moss, and when tired he sat soberly on a hilltop and looked out over the wide brown slopes.

He noticed within himself that in a little while he began to take great interest in the sheep. He was happiest when with them, and often dreamed of them. He liked to see them feed properly; he wanted them to stay together; if one strayed a little way from the flock he felt impelled to go after it and drive it back; he learned to know each of them separately, though there were hundreds of them. He knew that they belonged to him and Moss, and guarded them jealously as pets which must not suffer harm. This was instinct working in him, coming down to him from a long line of ancestors; but he did not know that his greatest-grandfather and grandmother had watched sheep upon the Scottish hills just as he was watching them on the hills of Texas.

When two years old Ben was noted for intelligence and industry. One of the herders remarked of him, one day, that he could do anything except talk. Moss became indignant.

"Anything except talk!" he retorted. "He *can* talk. Why, we do a lot of talking on the prairie. He talks with his eyes, with his ears, with his tail, sometimes with his mouth."

The others laughed at this, but it was true. The man and the dog, in the hours of watching

the sheep grazing, held lengthy conversations, Moss sitting with his back against a big gray rock, Ben with his head upon the man's knees.

"Feeling all right to-day?" Moss would ask.

"Yes!" Ben would answer. "Fine as silk."

"It's nice weather now, and the sheep are doing well."

"You bet; this weather makes a fellow feel as if he could jump out of his skin, and the sheep never did better."

"I think we'll try a new grazing-ground for them soon, though. The flock needs a change."

"Yep-yap! That's a good idea. In fact, everything you say is all right. You are a great man — the greatest man in the world."

"Yonder goes a jack-rabbit, Ben, loafing along. S'pose you try him a whirl."

"Not any for me. I got rid of the jack-rabbit habit when I was little."

"Down by Mustang Water-hole I saw wolf-tracks one day, Ben," said Moss, in a whisper.

The muscles stiffened, the ears lifted slightly, the tail became straight as an iron bar, the moist black lips curled upward, and a low, thunderous growl sounded in the dog's throat. It said as plainly as words, and more strongly:

"I know about 'em. I hear 'em sometimes at night. I was afraid of 'em when I was a little chap, but I've got over that. They mean harm to our sheep, and if they come around I'll nail 'em sure."

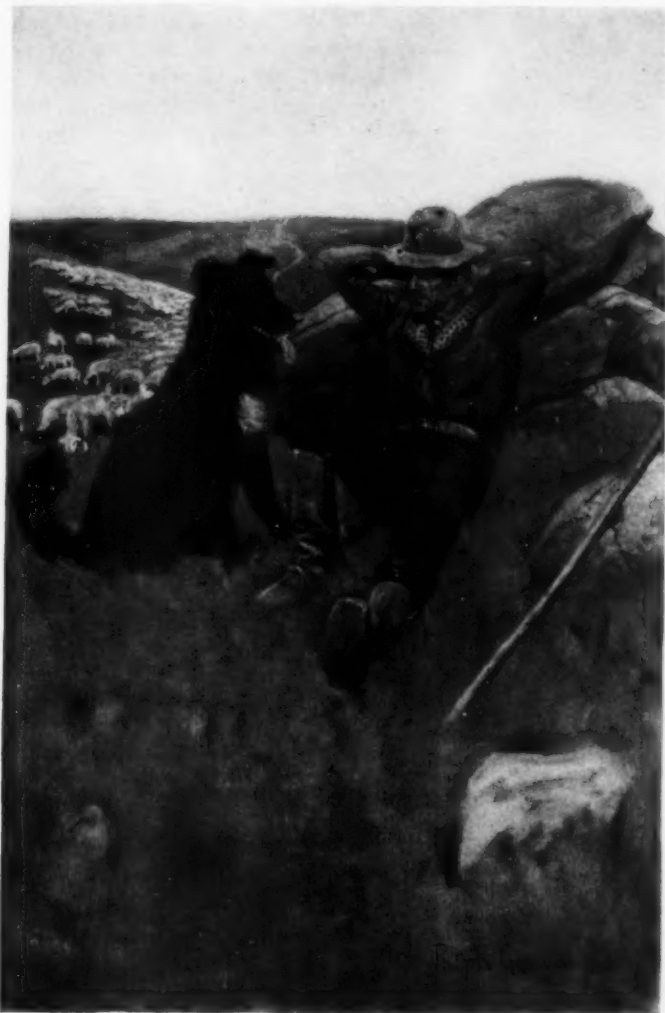
"Good boy, Ben! You're not afraid of a wolf as big as a house, and you've got more sense than the ranch-boss."

This was praise that could be answered only by a series of rapid leaps, a dozen short barks, and a tremendous scurrying round and round. Then Ben would make a complete circle of the flock, driving in the stragglers, and, returning to a dignified seat on the hill, cock his eye at the sun to estimate the time of day.

About this time he learned to open and shut gates, pushing up the steel latch with his nose and fastening it again with his teeth. Also he would sit on his haunches and smile when bidden, walk on his hind legs or waltz, count up to ten in barks, and fall over and play dead. Like most big dogs, he regarded these tricks as slightly undignified, but did them to please his friend, who never tired of them. There is

no doubt that he looked on this as a slight weakness in Moss; but it was the only flaw he could find in his idol, and he generously passed it over. Opening and closing gates was his

and fasten it in securely. Moss never permitted the flock to get far from the cabin before joining it, but the dog's steadfastness and intelligence were a great aid to him every day.



"FEELING ALL RIGHT TO-DAY?" MOSS WOULD ASK."

most valuable accomplishment, for thus he could enter the corral in the morning, drive out the sheep when they had been fed, if it were winter, and take them toward the grazing-ground while his master lingered over his breakfast. Similarly he would pen the flock at night

of responsibility pleased him, and it was much easier to him to go all around the flock and gather in the straying members than to the man. Indeed, Ben would go around them five times before Moss had gone half-way around once. That spring, when all of the sheep were

Gradually, as the third summer went on, he came to rely more and more on Ben. Grass was good everywhere, there was plenty of water, and no wild beasts had been seen. They were on the prairie each morning a little after daylight. The sheep would feed until ten o'clock; then, the sun becoming oppressive, they would gather under a clump of trees and lie down, closely packed. "Shading," this was termed; and when the flock "shaded," Moss would often stretch himself and go to sleep, leaving Ben on guard. The dog never failed him. Sometimes when Moss awoke neither guardian nor flock would be in sight; but he would follow the trail left by the thousands of hoofs, and find them a mile away, the sheep placidly feeding, and Ben perched on a hill-top, watching them alertly.

So it came that in the autumn Ben was more shepherd than Moss. He liked it. The sense

gathered at the Home Ranch for the shearing, he had pleased and astonished the other herders and flock-masters by going to the corals, selecting his own herd, opening the gate, and driving them forth to pasture without a word from any one. They said he was an invaluable dog. He heard them and was glad.

The first icy blast shrieked out of the north in December. The man and the dog did not fear it. The cabin had been newly "chinked" with mixed mud and moss and was weather-tight. A great pile of dry wood had been collected, and the chimney would roar of nights as in past winters. There was plenty of cottonseed stored. The sheep were in good condition. It is true that when the snow fell, or the northers came, they would not see or hear from the men on other ranches for days at a time, but they did not mind it. Man and dog were sufficient company to each other. As for "Slow Billy," the cook, whom they saw only at night, he did not count. They refused to admit him to close friendship. To Ben he was well enough in his way, but he was not Moss; to Moss he was well enough, but he was not Ben.

A long-continued spell of cold weather brought out the wolves. They came from the brushy bottoms of Hondo Creek and the rougher-covered country to the west. These were not the small gray wolves of the prairie, but brutes of the "lobo" variety, tall, strong, and savage. They moved in small bands, but worked destruction to cattle and young horses. Often, at night, the dwellers in the cabin would hear them open like a pack of hounds on the trail of some unfortunate quarry, and the babel of clamor would swell grandly upon the wind, dying away as the pack passed on. The men would look at each other and talk of putting out poison in the carcasses of sheep. The hair upon Ben's big neck would rise in a ruff of bristles, and his white fangs would flash in the firelight. Moss went to the Home Ranch and borrowed a pistol, which he strapped to his waist; but he saw no wolves.

On a bright day in early February, the flock feeding within three miles of Bluffdale, a hamlet of one shop and three dwellings, he was overcome by a longing for cheese. Men on lonely ranches get strange ideas and desires

sometimes. For a week he had been seeing, smelling, and almost tasting slabs of firm, white, soft, delicious American cheese. He fought off his craving for a while, then yielded. There seemed to be no danger. Not a cloud was in the sky; the flock was quiet; Ben was wide awake and active; he would be back, at most, in an hour and a half. He said:

"Ben, I 'm going to Bluffdale to get some cheese—white American cheese. You stay here, and I 'll be back soon. You can have some, if you like it."

Ben wagged his tail, and, to show that he understood, put his paws on the man's shoulders. Moss swung rapidly over the hills to the eastward, and his dog friend was left alone.

Ben went first all around the sheep, which were feeding in a small valley with hills on every side. All seemed to be well with the big flock, but he went half-way up a neighboring hillside, squatted upon his haunches, and observed them with kindly eye. Now and then he got up and walked back and forth like a sentry on duty. It occurred to him that a look at the country could do no harm, so he went to the crest of the hill at his back and gazed afar; nothing in sight. Three sheep strayed up the opposite slope. He went after them at top speed, passed beyond them, whirled, charged upon them, made believe to bite them, and chased them furiously back to their flock-mates. Then, with a good-natured grin, he resumed his watch. Ben would not have hurt a sheep for the world. An hour passed.

He did not know why,—he heard nothing, saw nothing, smelled nothing,—but the bristles on his neck rose in a ruff. He glanced keenly across the valley to the hills on the far side. Was it fancy?—surely it was fancy!—did he see just above the edge of the hill the tip of an ear rise for an instant, then disappear? The sheep were placid. He trotted gravely down into the valley, then up the slope. He had gone but a few feet when his flaring nostrils got a scent of something strange and repugnant. Instinctively he growled and went faster. Five yards farther, and instinct told him what it was. An ordinary dog would have turned tail and saved himself; a rashly brave dog would have gone forward to death. Ben did neither.



He reasoned, and in a second of time his course was clear to him. It was his duty to save the sheep first and himself next.

He darted down into the valley, baying sav-

in the center of the level little bottom Ben turned and set himself sternly, for he knew what he would see.

Tearing down the hillside were three wolves,



"WITH THE INSTINCT OF HIS SIRE'S KINGLY RACE . . . HE RUSHED TO MEET HIS FOES."

agely at the scared feeders. There was a new note in his voice, and they thought that this time, sure, he was going to slay some of them. Not stopping for another nibble of grass, seized with universal panic, the thousand of them bounded up the hills at racing speed. Then

rior, squeezing out the life; but the other two, each as tall and as strong as himself, were upon him. One gashed his haunches and back in a dozen places. The other seized his right fore leg above the knee, and, contrary to habit, held on and gnawed it. Ben did not whimper.

each seeming as large as a calf. One, of solid red hue, was a yard in the lead; two, of a gray nearly black, were behind it; and as they came their wild cry rang.

Ben did not falter. Never a drop of craven blood had visited that strong heart. One heavy growl tore its way from him; thereafter until the bloody end he fought his fight as mute as an Indian. With the instinct of his sire's kingly race, that for generations had met danger more than half-way, he rushed to meet his foes. The red wolf was his target, and he leaped straight at its throat. Together they rolled on the brown sward. But the other wolves turned to aid their companion.

The wolf is a slicing fighter. It snaps rapidly, its fangs making gashes, not deep, but numerous and weakening. Ben's hold was the staghound's hold. Where his jaws fastened they kept their place, and his teeth were sunk into his enemy. He stood there above the big red war-

The red wolf, put out of combat by that first fatal plunge, grew weaker, choked hard, and was still. Ben half turned, and caught the second one by the top of its gray neck. One mighty wrench broke its hold upon his leg and threw it upon its back. Then he shifted his grip to the throat and strangled it, while the third foe gashed and gashed him.

The second wolf died, and he wheeled dizzily to meet the third. All was red before Ben's eyes; his breath came thickly: he felt that he must soon fall. But his splendid courage rose in him, and he limped weakly a yard forward. The remaining foe leaped at him, and its fangs clicked savagely. It missed its hold, and, passing him, darted up the hillside and in another moment was out of sight. Ben turned to watch it, then fell upon his side. He was

crimson where strips of skin hung from his ribs; he was blind from exhaustion: but he heard the rapid step of his friend and the voice which said: "Oh, Ben! Ben!"

Then he felt himself wrapped in a coat and carried tenderly to a creek a half-mile away, where his wounds were washed and his leg bound. Then he was taken to the cabin and ointment rubbed upon his wounds, and he was laid upon a pallet. Not till then did Moss go in search of the sheep, which were found grazing together and unharmed.

Ben was limping about the corral a week afterward, and in a month was as good as new. He wore a silver collar that the ranchmen bought him, and on it was a gold plate which told the story of his battle in the valley. But Moss never again left him alone in the hills.



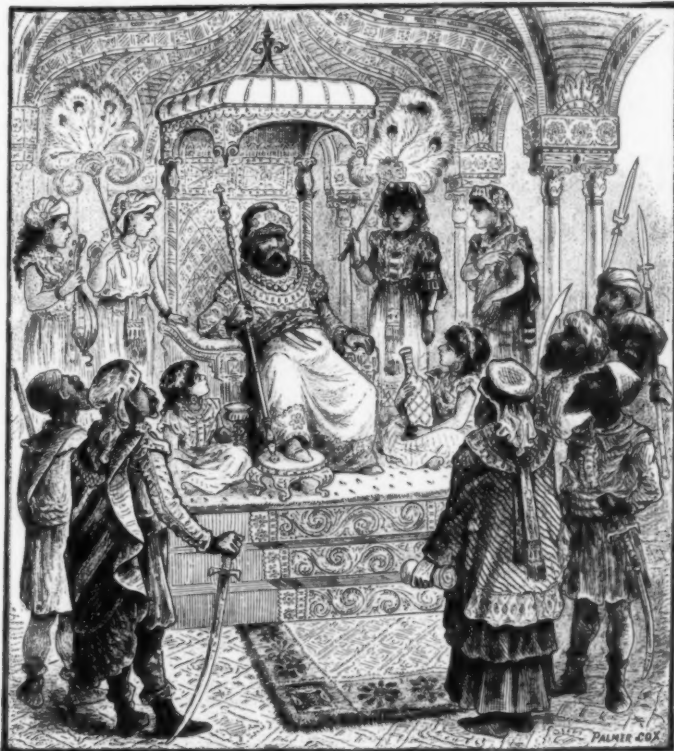
APRIL  
SHOWERS.



"Merciful powers,"  
Cried Claribel Bowers,  
"April showers  
Do make beautiful flowers!"

## ABD-EL-GHOO THE TYRANT.

BY PALMER COX.



"SO THE WISEST SAGE WAS SUMMONED."

ABD-EL-GHOO, an Eastern nabob,  
Ruled a country rich and wide,  
From the Tigris to the Oxus  
Stretching far on every side.

Never reigned a greater tyrant,  
And within the human breast  
Never beat a heart as ruthless  
As this cruel sheik possessed.

Not the tiger in the jungle,  
Not the shark in Southern sea,

Not the bear upon the mountain,  
Was more pitiless than he.

As he passed, the subjects kneeling  
Hid their faces in the dust ;  
At his frown the servants trembled ;  
At his pleasure die they must.

Many years, a conquering demon,  
Round the region did he roam,  
And, if foreign foes were wanting,  
Freely used the sword at home.

Now enthroned in royal splendor,  
In his gorgeous robes attired,  
To be something more than human  
Haughty Abd-el-Ghoo aspired.

So the wisest sage was summoned  
That the empire could produce —  
One who turned the stars and planets  
From their orbits to his use,

And from shrubs and things herbaceous,  
Bark of trees and roots obscure,  
Could extract the strongest compounds,  
That would either kill or cure.

When the sage Al-Hazzin entered,  
So distinguished for his skill,  
The aspiring old oppressor  
Thus expressed his royal will:

"You who read the starry heavens  
As the student reads his page,  
And can mix the healing balsams  
Pain and suffering to assuage,

"Four-and-twenty hours I give you  
Some innoxious charm to find  
That will give me special powers  
O'er the rest of humankind.

"I have swept, with weapon gory,  
Warlike races from my way;  
Now they only live in story,  
And their cities, where are they?

"Ask the bat that broods in ruins,  
Ask the lizard tribe that crawls  
Through the creep-holes and the cran-  
nies  
In the charred and blackened walls.

"Yet I 'm not above my servants,  
Save in riches and in name;  
When it comes to plain endurance,  
They and I are much the same.

"If I fall in lake or river,  
Soon, in spite of rank and show,  
Down beneath the yielding waters  
Like the meanest slave I go.

"If I come too near the furnace  
I must feel acutest pain,  
Like an infant writhe in torment,  
I, a nabob, born to reign!

"I, who overran the nations,  
Tumbled princes from their thrones,  
Broke upon their heads their scepters,  
And to vultures gave their bones,

"I would float while others founder,  
I would stand while others fall;  
I would wade through seas of fire,  
And receive no harm at all.

"Wide your reputation reaches,  
Great accomplishments you claim;  
This should then be in your province,  
Else you but belie your name.

"Now depart. You know my wishes;  
See you find a charm to suit.  
If you fail in this, remember  
You are done with leaf and root.

"All the shrubs that grow in Persia,  
All the plants that bud and bloom,  
All the roots in earth that burrow  
Shall not save you from your doom!"

Then was sage Al-Hazzin troubled  
As he wandered through the field  
Seeking bark and roots and foliage  
That would some assistance yield.

"Pshaw!" said he. "There 's nothing  
growing  
On the land or in the sea  
That can give a mortal power  
Such as he requires of me.

"Now for twenty years or better  
I have run a dangerous race;  
And by hook and crook and cunning  
Barely kept my head in place.

"But the sheik is growing bolder,  
More exacting every hour;  
And, to cap the climax, fairly  
Seeks a superhuman power!

"Shall I serve the tyrant longer?  
Still obey his beck and nod?  
Strive against the laws of nature  
To exalt a sinful clod?"



"No! I'll mix a potent compound  
That with sleep shall soothe his brain;  
Days and nights he'll lie unconscious  
Ere he lifts his lids again.

"When he wakens, all the distance  
That an Arab courser true  
With unwearied limbs can cover  
Shall be stretched between us two."

So he measured, weighed, and pounded  
Through the watches of the night,  
While the hours ran on before him  
And above him burned the light,

Till from bark and root and foliage  
Secret properties he drew,  
And prepared a strong narcotic  
For his Highness Abd-el-Ghoo.

To the sheik he brought the mixture  
That would scarce a thimble fill,  
Saying, "Drink, O royal master!  
And be what your Highness will."

But the tyrant, now suspicious  
Lest the sage had some design,  
Bade him first to taste the compound  
Yielding powers so divine.

Said Al-Hazzin, bowing lowly:  
"That most gladly would I do;  
But I must remind your Highness  
There is not enough for two.

"If but one can be exalted  
To a superhuman sphere,  
Sooth, your Highness is the person,  
Not your humble servant here."

Then the sheik received the goblet,  
For no longer would he press  
One to share with him the power  
That he only should possess.

Scarce he drank the subtle potion  
Ere his head began to bow.  
Cried the servants in amazement:  
"You have fixed the nabob now!"

But Al-Hazzin said: "Be patient;  
'T is in keeping with the plan.  
When he wakens from his slumber  
He will be another man."

Then the men, obeying orders,  
Took the tyrant from the chair,  
And away to his apartments  
Did the heavy burden bear.

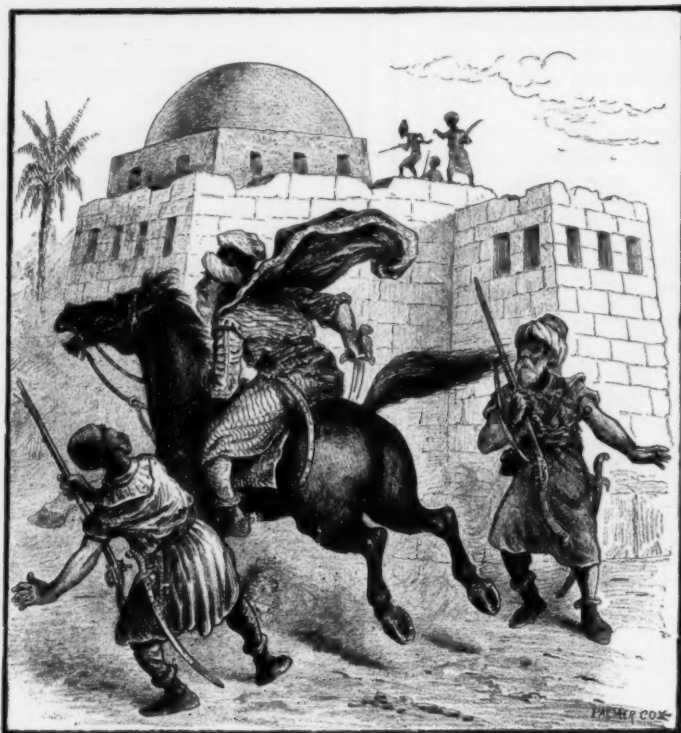
On a silken couch they laid him,  
Drew the curtains round his bed;  
Then attendants sat in silence,  
As though watching by the dead.

Sage Al-Hazzin left the palace,  
Ordered out his finest steed—  
One on which to place reliance  
For endurance and for speed.



Quick he bound a curving saber  
To his side with silken bands,  
And he placed a brace of pistols  
All convenient to his hands.

Plunging through opposing rivers,  
Howsoever wide and deep,  
Sweeping over sandy deserts,  
Climbing mountains high and steep.



"PAST THE SENTINEL ON DUTY,  
ON TO TARTARY HE RODE."

Then he muttered as he mounted:  
"Be he Persian, Moor, or Turk,  
He who takes me from my saddle  
Must perform some lively work."

Now away went steed and rider;  
Through the city's gates they flew,  
Leaving clouds of dust behind them,  
And the sleeping Abd-el-Ghoo.

So he galloped into darkness,  
So he galloped into light,  
So he rode through sun and shadow,  
Never halting day or night.

How the people stared and wondered  
As he passed them like the wind,  
Leaving Ispahan and Kashan,  
Astrabad, and all behind!

Past the reapers in the barley,  
Past the camel with its load,  
Past the sentinel on duty,  
On to Tartary he rode.

And the castles of Bokhara  
Rose before him on the plain,  
In their noonday splendor shining,  
Ere he drew the bridle-rein.

But as one who drops the cinder  
Little knows where flames may end,  
So the business he had started  
Did to other channels tend.

As the sage in search of freedom  
Over plain and mountain flew,  
Strange proceedings were recorded  
In the home of Abd-el-Ghoo.

While he slept, a prince impatient  
For the scepter and the throne,  
Backed by able bold retainers,  
Seized the empire as his own.

'T was a change the people needed,  
And to action quick they rose  
To improve a chance so timely  
Their oppressor to depose.

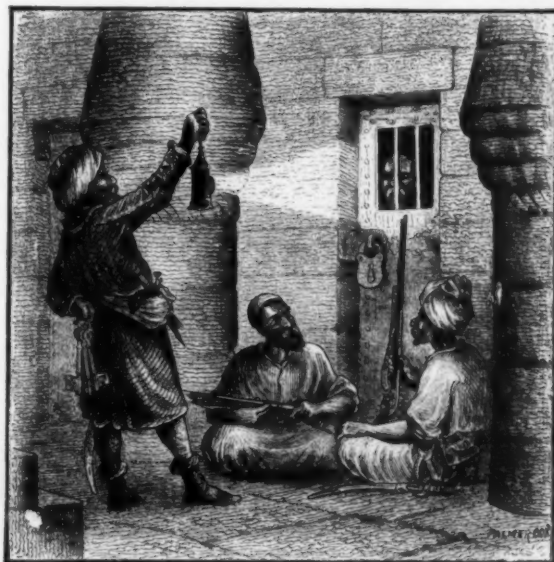
And within a gloomy castle,  
With its dungeons dark and deep,  
Soon they gave him quiet lodgings  
While he still was fast asleep.

When he wakened on the morrow  
He was under lock and key,  
Not a servant to attend him  
Or a slave to bend the knee;

While the prince who took the scepter  
From the cruel tyrant's hand  
Was beloved of all the people  
And with justice ruled the land.

How the nabob blamed his subjects,  
And the prince who took his throne,  
And the sage who mixed the potion,  
To the world was never known.

But through narrow grated windows  
He received both light and air;  
And at last accounts from Asia  
He was still a prisoner there.



"THROUGH NARROW GRATED WINDOWS  
HE RECEIVED BOTH LIGHT AND AIR."



### POLLY AND HER DOLLIES.

---

POLLY is reading aloud to her dollies  
An interesting tale from her favorite book;  
But her dollies soon found it too deep,  
And have quietly fallen asleep,  
As Polly would see  
If she were not too busy to look!

*M. O. Kobbé.*

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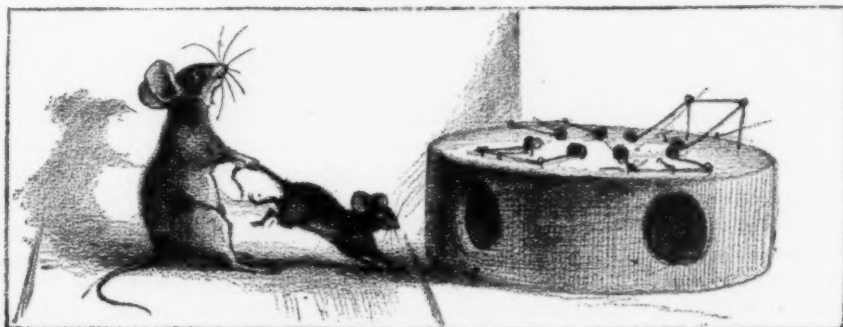
### SIGNS OF SPRING.

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CREAM-CUPS, butter-cups,  
Dandelions and sedges;  
Blackbirds in the poplar row,  
Sparrows in the hedges;  
Fruit-buds in the orchard  
Swelling with the rain;

All the close-fed pasture-lands  
Growing green again.  
Poppies on the river-bluff  
Soon will wake from sleeping;  
Home along the foothills  
Woolly clouds a-creeping.

*Mary Austin.*



A POUND OF PREVENTION IS WORTH AN OUNCE OF—CHEESE.



(A True Incident of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866.)

BY ELSIE C. CRANZ.

"*Liebe Mutter*, and am I really to go to the college in the harvest month?"

The speaker was a boy of about sixteen years, an undersized, delicate-looking lad with serious gray eyes. He stood leaning against the well in the farm-yard—it was just outside the little Hessian village of M—in the central part of Germany. It was late afternoon, and the sun was low in the heavens. The boy spoke again: "*Ach, liebe Mutter*, and I am really to go to college?"

His mother, a care-worn woman of forty years, came toward him at this moment, and looked upon him with a sweet, gentle smile.

The lad had no thought now except for college; and to see "little Karl" graduate with honors had always been the dearest hope of her life. They had talked of it and worked toward this end for three long years, while Karl was attending the *Gymnasium* in the village near his home. His father died when he was nine years old, but under the economical care of the mother and of the two elder brothers the affairs of the little farm had gone steadily forward; and now it was plentifully stocked with fine cattle, sheep, and swine.

In answer to the boy's last question the mother said: "Karl, *lieber Sohn*, surely shalt thou go"; and added, placing her hand gently on his shoulder: "All is ready. For many years

have I saved for thee the marks and thalers; in the little brown pitcher there have I saved."

How the two big brothers of this simple household loved the serious-faced lad, and how willingly did they often deny themselves a pleasure in order that the little brown pitcher might grow heavier! That afternoon, Karl, seeing them approach, ran eagerly to meet them.

"So, Karlchen, thou goest to the big city, and when thou returnest thou wilt no more know thy farmer-brother," said one.

"Such a clever boy wilt thou be, lad; but how we shall miss thee!" said the other.

He paused suddenly, for what was that? Along the road was heard the tramp, tramp of many feet, and soon thousands of Prussian soldiers came in sight.

For about three weeks the little town had been hearing rumors that there was trouble brewing between Austria and Prussia; but, being Hessians, these quiet country folk did not greatly concern themselves about it, although they had a deep sympathy for the Prussians.

A courier rode to the gate, calling out: "Halloo, there! To whom does this farm belong?"

"To Frau Lisbeth Grönig."

"Well, I know you wish to help your country; I am a messenger from the great General von Moltke."

Karl's eyes opened in wonder as the mes-



senger continued to say that in the name of the Kronprinz and of General von Moltke he demanded cattle, fowl, and whatever the Grönigs had for the feeding of the troops. While his two brothers went to obey the command, little Karl walked to the gate, near the courier. In the meantime von Moltke, at the head of his staff, had approached. Turning to Karl, he said: "Well, my boy, dost thou go to college?"

"Alas, no!" replied Karl. "I was to have gone in the harvest month, but now what shall I do? Your soldiers take the cattle, and what has been saved for me must go to buy more."

"Wilt not give willingly to the army, lad?"

"Yes, but—how long have I wanted to go!"

"Thou shalt go, my boy." Then, calling to one of his officers: "Lieutenant von Hohenwald make a list of what is taken here, and the value of each thing, and when the war is over, you, boy, or your mother, must present this to the Kronprinz in Berlin and receive full payment."

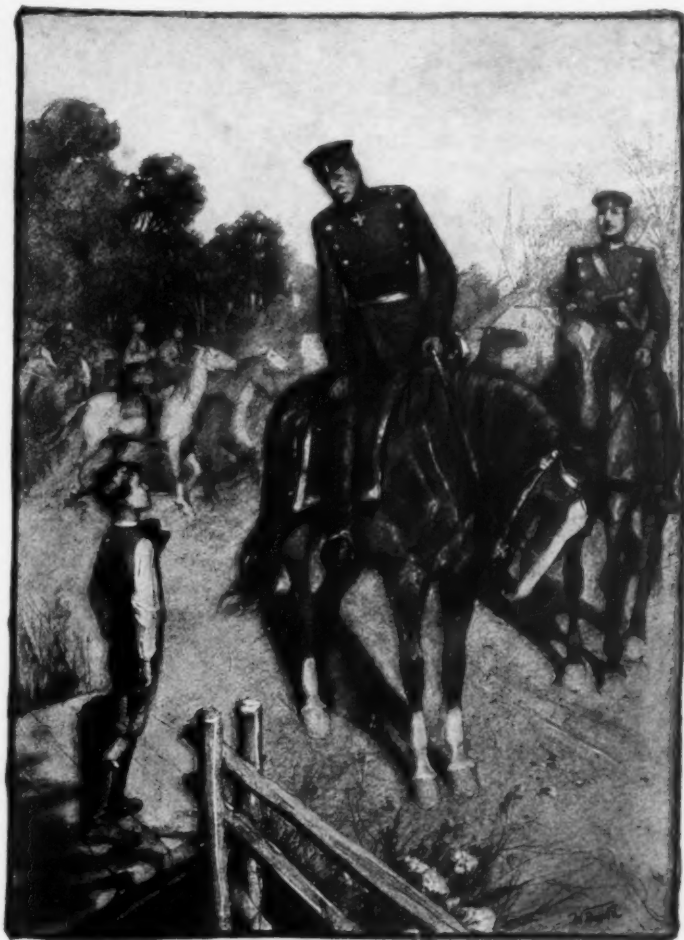
Poor Karl said nothing. All hope of college had flown; for who could believe that the great Kronprinz would be bothered with the troubles and losses of the farmers who had been robbed by his soldiers?

Karl's mother took the paper, folded it, and sorrowfully dropped it in the little brown pitcher.

Six weeks went by; the little brown pitcher was empty now, save for von Hohenwald's for-

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gotten receipt; but news had come that the Austrians had been severely defeated at Sadowa and peace had been declared! And one glorious day came a letter signed "General von Moltke, per von Hohenwald," asking why the claim of Frau Lisbeth Grönig had not been presented to the



"TURNING TO KARL, VON MOLTKE SAID: 'WELL, MY BOY, DOST THOU GO TO COLLEGE?'"

Kronprinz, and saying that if presented in two weeks it would be paid immediately.

Frau Grönig hastened to Berlin; the claim was presented, and, when she returned, the little brown pitcher was again heavy, for she had received a liberal price for everything.

And Karl went to college in the harvest month.

## THE GOOD FORTUNE OF MOLLY VAN.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

MOLLY had never before seen anything like the carriage that had just rolled away from the door. It was low and broad, and the cushions were of fawn-colored cloth, and there were two men up in front, and the horses had black rosettes at their ears.

Neither had she ever seen anything like the girl in the carriage — a girl with a delicate, white face, with a dark dress, long, fair, wavy hair tied with a wide silk ribbon, and a big black hat shading a sad pair of blue eyes.

Molly looked after the carriage until it disappeared, and then she wondered if she had not dreamed it. But in her hand was a card, and on the card, in Old English letters, was a name:

*Miss Gladys Wentworth.*

Molly wondered if she would ever have a card like that — one with Miss Mary Van Ness. Every one called her Molly Van now.

"Gladys" — Molly loved that name; it always seemed to fit princesses and people like that: and now she had seen a girl who looked like a princess and talked like one, too, for when she had stopped at the old-fashioned carriage-step, she had leaned out and had spoken in the softest and sweetest of voices: "Does Mrs. Dobbs live here?" And when Molly had answered "yes," she had taken the card out of the daintiest little case, and had written something on it with a little gold pencil, and then she had handed it to Molly.

"Give that to Mrs. Dobbs, please," she had said; "and tell her that we are at the hotel, and if she will come there I will make arrangements with her."

Molly went slowly into the house and hunted for Mrs. Dobbs. She found her in the kitchen. She was making apple-pies, and was arguing with the "hired girl," who, just at that time, was parsing potatoes for dinner.

"Well," she was saying, "if Mrs. Andrews does make stewed apple-pies, that is no reason why I should have them. My mother made sliced apple-pies, and my grandmother before her, and I shall too. Now, Molly, child, what is it?"

Molly stood in the doorway, the spring sunshine behind her, a rosy, comely little figure with a smiling but eager and intent expression.

She held out the card.

"Oh, Mrs. Dobbs," she said, and her voice shook with excitement, "if you had only seen her!"

Mrs. Dobbs finished crimping the edge of her last pie, and picked up the card.

"Miss Gladys Wentworth," she read. Then, as Molly explained the message, she began to take off her apron.

"I'll get Hiram to hitch up, and I'll go right down," she said. "There is a sick boy, and he and the girl are to board with me. The hotel is too noisy, and they want plenty of milk and country air."

"Are they all alone?" asked Molly.

"Orphans," was Mrs. Dobbs's laconic answer; "and I have promised to let them have the front rooms."

When Mrs. Dobbs had gone forth on her errand, Molly stole into the wonderful front rooms. There was the parlor and the spare bedroom and the little empty room beyond. The curtains were all pulled down, and there was a strange, fascinating closeness. Molly used to come in the darkness, sometimes, and think of the people who had lived there, and of the company who had sat stiffly on the glossy seats of the horsehair chairs.

After she had been there for a while she could see the faint outlines of the old, old pictures on the wall, and the spectral presence of a strange bead and red flannel structure which stood in the very middle of the table, which, in its turn, stood in the very middle of the parlor. There

was a wood puzzle on the table, too, and twice in her life Molly had been allowed to handle it and put it together. There was an album with all the photographs of the Dobbs family, and Molly liked on Sundays to get it out and look at the ladies in wide, flaring skirts, with their hair

beds with them; and there is a maid, and I shall have to give her the room off the settin'-room, and the girl will take the little room, and the boy is to have the spare room, and they will furnish the parlor as their settin'-room. I don't believe," continued Mrs. Dobbs, "that that girl is a day over sixteen, and she plans as if she were twenty."

The next morning the things came. Molly was set to work in the kitchen to prepare the vegetables for dinner, and she could only run now and then to the window to see the men with the wonderful loads; but she heard things bumping over the porch, and the sound of the men's voices mingled with the softer tones of the girl.

But when noon came she had a chance to leave the kitchen.

"Take this to the boy," said Mrs. Dobbs, as the old clock struck twelve.

"This" was a bowl of chicken-soup. The bowl was a revelation to Molly. It was white, with a wreath of tiny pink roses around it, and under the bowl was a little napkin of finest white damask, and under that a plate with another wreath of pink roses.

"They want to use their own chiny," said Mrs. Dobbs, with a sniff, "and how I can let Susan put her hands to it, I don't see."

"Let me wash it, Mrs. Dobbs — please, Mrs. Dobbs," said little Molly.

Mrs. Dobbs looked at her in astonishment. Molly had always hated to wash dishes, and once she had rebelled openly.

"Well, of all things!" said Mrs. Dobbs. "But if you will be careful you may," she finished, as to her practical mind this offered a solution of the problem.

Now Mrs. Dobbs was a good cook of the kind familiar in most country towns, and she was known to her neighbors as a "liberal provider," and the chicken-soup was, according to



GLADYS.

in nets or coming down in ringlets, with funny little combs at the side.

When Mrs. Dobbs came back she called Molly from the barn, where she had gone to see "Mother Blanche" and her kittens. The kittens were just beginning to roll about the floor, and they looked like small balls of snow.

Mrs. Dobbs seemed worried.

"They want everything moved out of the rooms," she was saying to Susan; "and what I am goin' to do with it all I don't know. They won't have the feather-beds, but will bring their

her long-tried receipt, rich with cream and savory with seasoning.

Molly knocked at the parlor door, and when it was opened by the trim maid she nearly dropped the bowl in her surprise. At the windows were curtains of white, filmy Swiss muslin. The old horsehair furniture was gone, and in its place were beautiful wicker chairs with pink cushions. A dainty desk stood in one corner, and in front of the open double door where the sunshine fell upon him was a boy, lying on a soft couch, his head propped up by cushions and his big eyes gazing straight at Molly.

"Hello!" he said. "Is that my lunch? Well, I don't want any."

Then the girl whom Molly called the Princess came into the room.

"Oh, Oliver, do eat it," she pleaded. "It will do you so much good."

"Well, I sha'n't," said the boy, crossly.

Molly wondered how he could speak in such a tone to the gentle girl who leaned over him. She stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. But now she wanted to help the Princess, and she forgot herself and spoke right out.

"Did you ever taste any of Mrs. Dobbs's chicken-soup?" she asked solemnly.

"No, I never did," said the boy; "and, what is more, I am not going to taste this."

"Then," said little Molly, "you will never know what you have missed. Mrs. Dobbs makes the best soup in the country."

The boy looked at her frowningly for a few moments, until, in confusion, she turned to leave the room.

Then he threw back his head and laughed. "Give it to me," he said. Molly uncovered it, and the Princess drew up a little table. The first spoonful was taken reluctantly, but the rest was eaten eagerly.

Gladys watched her brother with bright, hopeful eyes. This was the last experiment, the doctor had said. If the boy's interest was not aroused and an appetite created by the country air and surroundings, there would be little hope of his recovery—and he was all she had in the world.

When the soup was finished, Gladys smiled at Molly, and it seemed to the little girl that she had never seen anything so beautiful as that smile.

"Do you like candy?" said the Princess, taking a big box of bonbons from the table and handing it to Molly. Molly, in all her little limited country life, had never seen anything like those big chocolates and the nut candies, and the candied cherries and preserved violets, and she drew a long breath of delight as she reached out her hand to take the box.

"Now, Gladys, I call that too bad, to bring those out when I can't have any."

In the five minutes that Molly had been in the room she had seen that the boy was a very cross invalid, and that his sister loved him very much, and therefore treated him so gently that he had grown to be very exacting. At first sight Molly had given to the Princess all the love of her lonely little heart, and so at this moment she forgot chocolates and everything else except the dark red flush of embarrassment that was on the girl's face.

She went and stood close by the side of the couch.

"Do you know what I would like to do?" she asked the boy.

"No, I don't," he said, and dug his rumpled head closer into the cushions.

"Well," said Molly, "I should like to bring Mother Blanche and her kittens here for you to see."

Now Oliver was a big boy,—almost fifteen,—and at the childish suggestion he turned his head away from her, while she stood still, her little face working with disappointment. She had offered him her best, and he had not had the grace to understand.

"Oh, Oliver," remonstrated Gladys, as the door shut behind the little blue-gowned figure, "she is so sweet, and I am afraid you have hurt her feelings."

"Well, let her keep away," said the boy, crossly. "I don't intend to be bothered with any fussy country children with their cats."

The afternoon wore away, and the sick boy lay with his face toward the open door, looking out at the locust-trees which were dropping their honey-scented blossoms over the velvet grass. After a while the soothing sweetness of the air entered into his restless body, and he slept.

Then Gladys hunted up Molly and filled the

little girl's hands full of chocolates. For one blissful half-hour they roamed together over the barn, from the loft to the shadowy corner where old "Buttercup" and her calf were lying. And Gladys grew happy and rosy in the sense of freedom, and she ran from place to place, feeling almost as young as Molly Van herself.

Then Molly went back to help get supper, and to arrange the dainty tray. But the beau-

ty he reached forward eagerly and buried his nose in the fragrant blossoms. He loved flowers passionately, and Molly had done the one thing to reach his heart.

"Who put them there?" he asked.

"The little girl," said Hortense.

Oliver ate his dinner in silence, and after Hortense had taken the tray away he turned to Gladys.

"Tell her to bring on her cats," he growled; but, in spite of his tone, Gladys smiled as she flew to call Molly Van, for she knew that poor Oliver's interest had been stirred, and that was a great beginning, for his listlessness had been the danger symptom.

Molly, whose generous little heart could not hold anger for a minute, ran to the barn, and came back with an armful of struggling white kittens, and Blanche, the kittens' mother, followed her into the parlor.

Molly dumped the kittens down beside Oliver, and they swarmed over him, frisking over the cushions and harmlessly snapping at his white fingers. At last one small, insinuating, fluffy ball curled down close to his cheek, and Gladys smiled as she saw the tender look in the boy's eyes. Mother Blanche, at the foot of the couch, purred and purred her restful, motherly purr, until finally the babies, tired of play, crept down and snuggled together in a heap of white fur, so that Oliver could scarcely tell where one ended and another began.

And Oliver watched them with sparkling eyes, and petted them and joked with the girls until bedtime.

"Let the cats stay here," he said, when Molly, who had had the best time of her life, turned to leave the room.

"But, Oliver," remonstrated Gladys, "they belong in the barn."

"Well, take them there to-night," said the boy, reluctantly; "but to-morrow you can send to town for a cat-basket, for I'm going to have them here. Goodness knows, I don't have much to enjoy, like other boys," he went on fretfully; and Gladys, worried at the signs of excitement, promised that the basket should come, which it did next day, and Mother Blanche and her kittens thenceforth reigned supreme in the boy's room, much to Mrs. Dobbs's annoyance.



MOLLY VAN.

tiful little silver bowls and dainty china were none too good for Mrs. Dobbs's tempting custards and broiled birds, flanked by hot biscuits and berries and cream.

When all was ready, Molly ran out into the garden and brought in two sweet-scented, old-fashioned pink roses, and laid them by the side of Oliver's plate.

Hortense, the maid, carried in the tray this time, and as Oliver's eyes rested on the roses,



As the days went on Molly Van lived as in fairyland. She and the boy became very good friends, and Gladys, seeing that the little girl knew how to manage Oliver better than she did, left them together, and thus gained many an hour of freedom, that brought back the color to her own pale cheeks.

"Is Mrs. Dobbs your aunt?" asked Oliver, one day, as Molly sat by his side, making little burdock baskets.

Molly shook her head. "She is n't any relation. She just took me when my father died. Mother was dead, too, you know."

"Then you're all alone, except for her?"

Molly nodded.

"Gee-whizz!" said Oliver—which was n't very elegant; but it was expressive, and Molly felt that she had his sympathy.

But, in spite of the good times she had with Oliver, Molly's best love was given to Gladys, and she resented the brother's selfish demands on the delicate sister. So, one day when he was stronger and they moved his couch out under the apple-tree at the corner of the lawn, Molly tried an experiment. She was up on a bough of the old tree, in a seat formed by a bent limb. For a while she had amused Oliver with her chatter, but at last he grew restless.

"Tell Gladys to come and read to me," he commanded.

Molly settled herself comfortably in her leafy seat.

"Indeed I sha'n't," she said.

Oliver looked at her with wide-opened eyes.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because she is resting for the first time today. You have ordered her around since early morning."

Oliver's forehead was crossed by a heavy frown.

"It is n't your place to interfere."

Molly was scared, but she had made up her mind to stand up for the Princess.

"Well, anyhow, I sha'n't tell her," she declared stoutly.

Then Oliver threatened her in a way that always brought Gladys around.

He half rose from his couch. "If you don't, then I shall go myself," he said grumblingly.

Molly knew that the doctor had said that he must not get up, but she was a wise little person, and she still had one argument left.

She stood up on the old limb and looked down at him squarely.

"You baby!" Her voice was full of scorn. "You baby!"

Her words acted like a tonic. From white, tense anger, Oliver became healthfully indignant. The good red blood surged up into his face, but he did not attempt to get up. Molly's words had rung true, and he knew that he could hurt no one so much as himself by his childish attempt to frighten her.

Then for five long minutes a flushed little girl and a flushed big boy were silent, one with fear, the other with wrath.

At last Molly peeped down out of the tree. Oliver's face was hidden by his thin hand, and her heart smote her for her harsh words. She had always been very tender with the invalid, and only her championship of Gladys had forced her to say hard things.

The boy looked up and caught the repentant, timid look.

He smiled a little wistfully. "It's all right, Molly Van," he said; and then for a long time he lay very still, with his eyes on the sunset.

After a while Molly had to go, and Gladys came out and sat beside him, and the boy reached out and took hold of her hand and held it closely for a moment. That was all, but somehow Gladys felt repaid for the long days when she had given so much of her time to the fretful invalid.

"I say, Gladys," he said after a while, "why can't we take her out of this?"

"Her'? Who?" said Gladys.

"Molly Van. She is a perfect little drudge. She's alone and we're alone, and the only difference is that she has n't any money and we have more than we know what to do with. Uncle Wentworth will let us, if we really want to have her. Mrs. Dobbs is kind, but she would be glad to be rid of the care and expense. And we have room enough, goodness knows, in that big old house of our ancestors in the city. She'd be company for you, too," he added, "and help you with your cross old bear of a brother. I say, let's take her back with us."

With a little glad cry, Gladys leaned over and kissed him.

"It would be the very thing. She could study. And I can get her everything to wear as soon as she gets to town. Oh—" and she clasped her hands with delight.

"Oh, well, don't count too much on it; maybe she can't go," growled Oliver, but his eyes shone.

But Molly *could* go, and when the days came that Oliver was able not only to sit up but to walk around a little, he had a strong

little shoulder to lean on, and another adoring little handmaiden to wait on him and scold him and give him new things to think about.

And when for the last time the low, broad carriage with the fawn cushions drew up in front of the Dobbs household, there stepped into it not only Gladys and Oliver, but a rosy little girl, who seated herself beside a wonderful cat-basket with its precious cargo of snowy kittens, and who waved her hand to Mrs. Dobbs and the hired girl and the old farm, and then turned her happy face toward the city.



### A WISE PRECAUTION.

BY E. L. SYLVESTER.

I 'm taking my umbrella, 'cause perhaps it 's going to rain;  
I heard my papa read it in the paper, just as plain.  
It said the indications were, for four an' twenty hours,  
There 'd be some local temperchure an' stationary showers.

## TRAINING FOR INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETICS.

By G. W. ORTON.

INTERSCHOLASTIC athletics have seen a wonderful improvement in the past decade, due in great measure to the systematic way in which the large colleges have encouraged the sport. Recently in New York in an open meet there were over four hundred school-boys who were entered in the different events. Similar large entry-lists can be secured in many of the large cities, while every high school and academy, no matter what its size, has some form of scholastic athletics. Many of the schools employ no competent instructors, especially in track athletics, and because of the increasingly large number of young athletes who take part in these events the following suggestions are offered.

Frequently it happens that the young athlete gets into bad habits of form that are practically impossible to overcome later on, and a first-class athlete is spoiled, and destined to remain among the "second-raters." More frequently through improper training and the desire of the trainer to get all possible out of the boy, irrespective of his future as an athlete, the boy develops into a champion school-boy, but makes no further advance when he has graduated into the college or into club athletics.

The first care of the school athletic trainer should be to remember that he is training boys, and that he has not full-grown men under his charge. The growing boy is capable of a great deal of work, but this should not be made too severe, or he will lose the nervous force which is at the bottom of all success in any kind of athletics. The exercise should be made as pleasant as possible, and the young athlete should not be allowed to specialize, or at least not in the same manner as the full-grown athlete. It is all very well for the young athlete to have his favorite event, and to have one in which he is most proficient; but he should also have a certain amount of sprinting, distance-running, hurdling, jumping, and especially exercise in some form of light gymnastics, such

as the chest-weights, Indian clubs, or dumbbells. This will give him the necessary reinforcing or auxiliary muscles which he will need later on, when, as a college man, he makes a real specialty of some event. By giving the young athlete exercise that tends to an all-round development, the trainer will be fulfilling the object of scholastic athletics—which is to send the young man forth from the school fitted for college not only in mind but in body as well. In their great desire to "win out," many trainers lose sight of this real object of athletics in any school. They must have winners at any cost, and they force the young athlete to such an extent that, though while at school he does some very creditable performances, he is never heard of afterward, because his nervous force has been impaired. This is the great danger toward which competitive scholastic athletics is drifting, and it is the duty of the principals to see that the future health of the boys entrusted to their charge is not forever lessened through over-anxious athletic instructors.

The principal should also be most careful in the choice of a trainer, who, because he is older, may exercise a very great influence on the boys' ideas of fairness and true sportsmanship.

With but one remark on diet, we shall turn our attention to training proper. The young athlete need not undergo any system of diet. He should be merely cautioned against eating too much pastry, etc.; and three or four days before a competition the trainer should ask him to give up everything but plain, healthy food, leaving out pastry, candy, and all sorts of highly seasoned viands: for if he attempts to put the boy under too strict a regimen he will either go to one extreme or the other.

### SPRINTING.

No form of track athletics seems to be so popular as sprinting, mainly because the American is a natural-born sprinter. This is shown

by the fact that we have so many very fast men in this event. The start is of prime importance in a short dash. The best start is the college start. In this the athlete practically takes the position of a cat when ready to spring. He gets on the mark, and after fixing his feet so that he can dip down comfortably on his knees, he waits in this position for the word to "get set." When the word is given he straightens up; in this final position he should rest steadily, and he should have the weight so distributed on his feet that at the sound of the pistol he can spring forward immediately and with all the power of his legs and thighs. In this start the heels and the entire leg should be kept at right angles to the finish, so that all the muscles of the leg can be got into the first drive from the mark. The hands should be on the scratch, and they should be the chief means of keeping the body steady, but still ready to get away at once when the pistol fires. The young sprinter should also remember that the first step is only part of the start. He should summon to his aid every muscle of his body during the first four or five strides, so that he can get into motion in the shortest possible time. Duffy of Georgetown owes his success not only to the fact that he is a quick starter, but also to his power to get up speed in his first four or five strides.

The matter of form in sprinting is of importance. The athlete should have every movement directed forward. There should be no extra movement of the feet describing curves behind, nor any shortening of the stride. The body should work perfectly with the legs, and it should be held slightly forward, so that all the power can be put into the running.

In training for the sprint, the young athlete should first make sure of his start. This can be obtained in only one way, and that is by practice. He should get off his mark, running

only fifteen or twenty yards, but being careful that he is doing it in good form and at his highest possible speed. Speed work in any kind of running should not be tried, however, until the



WADSLY, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND AT  
220 YARDS, ON THE MARK.

This picture shows very well the easy position which the sprinter should assume when told to get ready.

athlete has first had some preliminary training of a general character to get him into condition for active training. After making several starts, he may go through to sixty or seventy yards, but he should not go the full one hundred yards at full speed oftener than twice a week. He

should, however, cover the one hundred yards at three-quarter speed every day.

If the sprinter is naturally a fifty-yard runner he should take more of the full hundred-yard work than if he is slow the first fifty. In



I. A. ORTON, 600-YARDS AMERICAN INDOOR CHAMPION.

Showing college start. Ready to start at sound of pistol. Note that this position is at once easy to keep, and that it allows the sprinter to get away immediately.

the latter case the boy should be all the more careful in practising starts and in thirty or forty yard dashes.

If the sprinter wishes also to run the two hundred and twenty yards, which is usually called a sprint, though it is not properly such, he should lengthen out his work; but he should be just as careful of his start as though he were merely training for a forty-yard dash.

In training, the sprinter should run against the wind in practice, because he is likely to have to do this in a race. In racing, the sprinter should never be looking over to see where his opponents are, as that takes his mind off his running, and he involuntarily slackens his speed. The sprinter should put all his mind on his work, and he should run into the tape at top speed. Many a race has been lost on the tape because of letting up at the finish, thinking that the race has been won. In sprints an inch often decides the race, and there is no time for looking around or slacking speed.

After taking the regular starts, the athlete should finish his work in the training quarters by exercise for the back, abdominal muscles, the arms and the chest. Occasionally, after his sprints, he should take a jog, running a half-mile or so, but easily, and merely as a form of exercise.

#### MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNING.

THE quarter and the half mile are called the middle distances, because the first is not a sprint, while the latter is faster than the real distance gait. In the former a certain amount of speed is necessary, with stay as the secondary quality, while in the latter the stay must be reinforced by an ability to follow a speedy pace. The quarter-miler must have speed, while the half-miler cannot get along without stay, no matter how great his speed may happen to be. The most successful quarter-milers have been those who have been able to do close to ten seconds for the hundred yards, and, together with this ability, have the staying qualities to allow them to maintain a high rate of speed throughout the entire four hundred and forty yards.

Thus in training for the quarter the athlete should first make up his mind as to which characteristic he most lacks. If he has stay he should put the most of his time on speed work, while if he has the natural speed he should lengthen out his work so that gradually he is able to go through the entire distance without faltering. As a general rule it is well for the quarter-miler to pay much attention to his speed, for he cannot have too much of that quality; but he should also be sure that he runs the full distance often enough to guarantee that

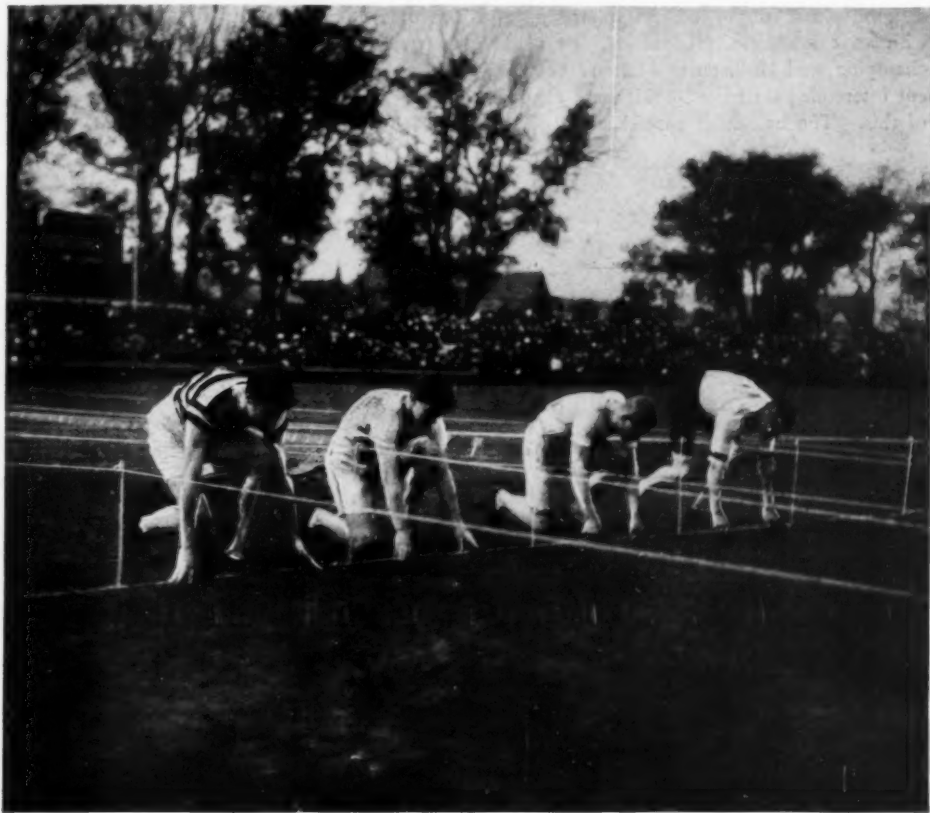


he can maintain a stiff pace the entire distance.

In training for the quarter a schedule might be adopted as follows: Every day the athlete should run four or five thirty or forty yard

should sprint the two hundred and twenty yards at full speed. He should jog the quarter at fair speed almost every day; but he should not have more than one trial a week at the full distance.

The general form in this distance is not the



READY FOR THE START.

In order from the left: Trafford, Duffy, Tremmer, and White in special race at Birmingham (England) A. C. sports. Duffy won in ten seconds flat on a grass course. Note Duffy's easy position. When the starter says, "Get set," he can straighten up in an instant.

dashes at full speed, to gain speed and an ability to get away from the mark. This is very necessary, as on most tracks the quarter starts near the corner, and very frequently the good starter gets the corner first and is not bothered, while the poor starter is jostled all the way around the first turn, and often put out of the entire race. After this speed work, the athlete should run two hundred or three hundred yards at quarter-mile racing speed. Twice a week he

same as that when sprinting. The quarter-miler should endeavor to get into a long, easy swing, and he should not "tie up" in his running until the very last hard spurt for home, when the very best of quarter-milers will shorten their stride if they have run the first part of the race at their best speed. The quarter-mile is a punishing race, and no athlete can expect to run it as it should be run without feeling the pace during the last hundred yards. A conscious

mental effort to keep out the stride and maintain form will be found to be of much use at the end of the quarter-mile.

The half-mile runner should also develop a long, easy, swinging stride, for the best of our half-mile runners have been tall men with a good burst of speed, very strong, and with an easy stride. Kilpatrick, the world's champion, and Hollister of Harvard, the present intercollegiate record-holder, are examples of this. The half-miler should learn to sprint

he runs through the full half-mile occasionally he will develop a spurt at the finish.

Here, as in the quarter, the runner should take more or less of fast work, according as he is suited naturally to the distance. If the half seems a little too long for him, he should lengthen out his work occasionally to three quarters, or even to a mile. If he has plenty of stay and is lacking in speed, he should do more quarter-mile work and more sprinting. A curious instance of this is furnished by the



THE LAST LAP OF THE ONE-MILE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP RACE, JULY 5, 1902.

Runners, in order from the left: Hawtry (came in second), Shrubbs, Barker (third), Gay-Roberts, Binks (first at finish). Time, four minutes sixteen and four fifth seconds. New British record. This snap-shot was taken on the last lap of a record mile. Note the different styles.

and start, and he should do considerable quarter-mile work. He should occasionally run the full quarter at racing speed, but more frequently he should go through the four hundred and forty yards, the five hundred yards, or the six hundred and sixty yards at half-mile racing speed. This will give him his speed, and if

experience of Dohm of Princeton and Downs of Harvard, back in the eighties. Downs was a quarter-miler, while Dohm was a half-miler. They both entered each event at the college championships. Dohm, in his endeavor to get fast enough to defeat Downs at the quarter, did a great deal of sprinting and neglected his

distance work. Downs, on the other hand, thought that he had sufficient natural speed to defeat Dohm, but he lacked the stay. He, therefore, did much work at the full half-mile distance and farther. On the day of the race each of these athletes showed the effect of his special training, for Dohm won the quarter,

stride, as that is exhausting. He can, however, develop a longer stride by careful practice. In long distances every inch added to the stride makes seconds gained at the end of the race. The experience of our best runners shows that distance running is a branch of track athletics which needs much practice. Many distance



G. W. ORTON, WINNING THE AMERICAN CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1897.  
FORMER ONE AND TEN MILE AMERICAN CHAMPION, TWO-MILE WORLD'S STEEPLECHASE CHAMPION.

This photograph illustrates the keeping of form at the end of a distance race, one of the most important things to be acquired by the middle-distance and distance runner. This photograph was taken near the finish of the cross-country championship in 1897, when Orton ran the last mile of the course very close to five minutes, and the last quarter at a sustained sprint.

while Downs took first in the half. Each half-miler should, therefore, train according to his natural ability, developing either the speed or the stay which he stands most in need of. But in general it will be found safest to do considerable sprinting in addition to the necessary distance work.

#### DISTANCE RUNNING.

ONE of the requisites for a distance runner is style or form. The more easily he runs and the less effort he expends, the greater speed will he be able to maintain over a given distance. The young athlete should strive to develop a long, easy stride; but he should not over-

runners have triumphed over poor style, and even poor physique, by keeping at it and developing the muscles which are needed for long distances. Much practice is necessary, so that the staying qualities may be developed to the required standard. Most of the scholastic mile runners make the mistake of thinking that because they are training for a distance race they should do no fast work. The distance man should go through his full distance every day, unless he is training for a five or ten mile race, when that is unnecessary. The mile is the standard distance race in scholastic sports. The runner should then cover the full distance every day, but very seldom at racing speed. He

should take occasional half-miles, and three times a week go three-quarter miles at mile racing speed. This will give him the pace for the distance without exhausting him. The mile runner, as indicated above, should also do some sprinting and quarter-mile work. It stands to reason that a man who can do fifty-five seconds for a quarter is better qualified to run the first quarter of his mile in one minute and eight seconds than the man who can do only a minute for the quarter. Speed will make the holding of the pace in the race easier, while it will be found a very comforting quality when drawing near the finish.

The great thing for a distance runner to note is his style in the last third of the mile. Here he is getting tired, and, if he does not think of it, he will lose form, chop his stride, and begin to fall back. A conscious effort to retain form will result in helping the runner to do so. If, during the last three hundred yards of a mile, the runner can change his style and strike a quarter-miler's gait, which is really a sprint, he will finish much faster than if he is unable to do this.

The distance runner, and the quarter and half miler as well, should not forget to take the exercises for the abdominal muscles, the back, etc., for without these the distance runner will hardly do well.

#### THE HIGH HURDLE.

120 YARDS. 10 HURDLES 10 YARDS APART, WITH 15 YARDS AT START AND FINISH.

ONE of the prettiest events on any athletic programme is the high hurdle. This is an event which needs much attention to form. The special attention given to form in this event and the advent of Kraenzlein have improved the standard of hurdlers very much the past seven years. Formerly a sixteen-second man was looked upon as a wonder; but we now have many of them, and this has been due to the speedier form instituted by Kraenzlein, and to better training methods. It is therefore necessary that the young hurdler first learn how to get over the sticks in the most up-to-date manner, and then work for speed. One reason why many high hurdlers do not progress steadily, but remain at a certain stage without improvement, is because they wish to get speed

over the sticks before they have to any extent mastered the form.

Formerly, in the days of Puffer and Stephen Chase, the hurdle race was even a prettier event than it is to-day, as they skimmed the hurdle; and though they sailed over it very prettily, there was a distinct glide through the air, and the motion was stopped after each hurdle. The science of hurdling now demands that the athlete get over the hurdle with the greatest possible speed, to flip himself over without any glide in the air, and to so throw the feet and body that the very effort to clear the hurdle hurls the runner on to the next hurdle. This style, while not so pretty, is faster, and Kraenzlein must be given the credit for developing it to its highest form.

Kraenzlein in topping the sticks would use his hip as a swivel, and throw the first leg over the hurdle, not trying to get distance on the farther side of the hurdle. His idea was to get that leg over as quickly as possible. The other leg followed after, but it was not dragged. It was brought up smartly, so that when his first leg hit the ground on the other side of the hurdle, his other leg was in the position it should be for the next stride. This is the leg motion, but the young hurdler will find that to get the above result he must use his body as a lever and his arms as a means of balancing and propulsion. When throwing the first leg over, the body is doubled up like a jack-knife, as this not only helps to get the leg over the hurdle, but it aids the speed with which the hurdler gets over. The right arm is thrown forward if the right leg is first over; the left arm is then brought up with a rush while the other leg is being swung across the hurdle, so that when the athlete hits the ground after clearing the hurdle he is in the natural position for running, and can put all his effort to getting speed between the hurdles. The athlete should remember that when going at the hurdle he should keep his chest squarely facing it. The body is the lever, and if it is not held straight when going over the hurdle, the athlete will not alight squarely on his feet, and he will lose form and speed between the hurdles. In this event the runner should plan to take but three strides between hurdles.

The hurdler when practising this event should try to get over the hurdle as close as possible. The hurdler will find that it takes a very strong and, besides his practice over the sticks, the hurdler must take regular sprint training. He should constantly practise starting, and get as



KRAENZLEIN TAKING THE HIGH HURDLES.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION AND RECORD-HOLDER OF FIFTEEN AND ONE FIFTH SECONDS.

Note the position of the legs, the fact that the body is held straight, and the way the arms and body swing forward to hasten the flight over the hurdle.

development to throw him over the hurdle in Kraenzlein's fashion, and he must pay great attention to his back, chest, arm, and abdominal muscles. The high hurdle is a sprint distance, speedy as possible. The hurdler should also practise until he has the stride between the hurdles perfect, and then, with his mind off this, he can put all his efforts on speed.

## THE LOW HURDLE.

220 YARDS. 10 HURDLES 20 YARDS APART, WITH 20 YARDS AT START AND FINISH.

KRAENZLEIN also revolutionized low hurdling. This was the event in which the world's great champion first came to the notice of the

first year in the East, he defeated Bremer, the world's record-holder, and beat his record by one and one fifth seconds, putting the figures at twenty-three and three-fifths seconds, where they stand to-day. Kraenzlein seemed to be built for the low sticks. With him there was practically no lateral or side motion of the leg.



KRAENZLEIN, THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, GOING OVER THE LOW HURDLES.

Note the fact that the forward leg is thrust out straight in front, and that on alighting he will be ready for his next stride as the rear leg is being brought up into position.

public. His form, unlike that of his predecessors, was noticeable for the fact that there was no glide over the hurdle. He merely took the low hurdle in his stride, and seemed able to run nearly as fast over the low sticks as if he were running on the flat. That this was no idle dream was shown when, in his

When he came to the hurdle he merely went into the air about five inches; but otherwise he just went over the hurdle in his stride. He may have swung the first foot up a little farther than was natural when running on the flat, but he was so exact in "hitting the hurdle" that he seemed to take them in his stride, and appa-



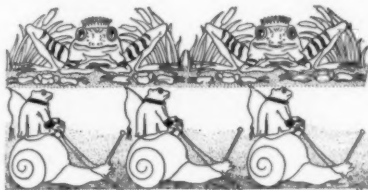
rently he did not go into the air more than a few inches, and he did not curb his speed at all. This is the style that has been copied ever since he appeared on the track; but it seems more difficult to attain, because it needs a man of a certain build, and in addition it is a dangerous style unless it is run perfectly. Though most of the low hurdlers are aiming at Kraenzlein's form, all of them have more or less lateral movement of the legs, and more or less glide over the hurdle, both of which means time wasted in comparison with Kraenzlein's style. Every young hurdler should try to attain the form which was so instrumental in making this world's champion the holder of all the standard hurdle records.

Kraenzlein took seven strides between hurdles, and this is the best number. If eight are taken that means that the hurdler will have to learn to hurdle with either the right or the left leg forward, as he will hit the hurdles alternately with right and left. If the young athlete

cannot get the seven strides, and he is yet undeveloped as to stride, it might pay him to use nine strides instead of eight, as it is very seldom that an athlete can be found who can hurdle equally well with either leg forward. It is most important in this, as in the high hurdle, that the aspirant for hurdle honors should practise until he has his stride between the hurdles perfect. After he has this, and has good form over the sticks, he can go at the hurdles with full speed and not waste any effort.

This is also a sprint distance, and the athlete should take regular sprint training. But as the two hundred and twenty yards hurdle is longer than the high hurdles, he should run two hundred and twenty yards and three hundred yards on the flat occasionally. Here, again, the athlete must not forget to take exercise for his arms, chest, back, and abdominal muscles.

Next month we shall take up other athletic sports, such as pole-vaulting, throwing the hammer, broad-jumping, and high-jumping.



## MAROONED.

BY KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER.

"You 're a coward—just like all girls!" said Jimmie, with supreme contempt.

"I 'm not a coward!" retorted Eleanor, his sister, with much dignity and decision. "Boys are n't any braver than girls, anyhow. They get frightened at different things, that 's all. And I just guess I 've seen you scared to pieces when father called you into the library for a talk!"

"Pooh!" said Jimmie. "You never heard me shriek because I was afraid of a silly little mouse; and I never fell down two flights of stairs because I was scared in the dark, and bounced in like a jumping-jack to disturb you

when you were reading. I 'd be ashamed to act so, but I s'pose girls can't help it. I 'm going to be a pirate, and of course they never get frightened at anything. You just wait, and I 'll show you how brave a fellow can be!"

"I don't care how brave you can be—so there," retorted Eleanor. "And girls don't care to be compared to pirates, anyhow!"

Jimmie was standing on the hearth-rug, with feet wide apart and hands in his pockets, and a superior and scornful expression on his round, fat face. Eleanor stood facing him, likewise scornful, now that she had recovered after her

wild scramble from attic to library which had interrupted Jimmie's profound meditation on pirates and their methods of living.

The next day would be Saturday, and on that day Jimmie proposed to abandon himself to the joys of a seafaring existence. Reading of Captain Kidd's adventures until that hero's deeds were engraved on his brain in red letters, and the pages of the book in which they were recorded were worn in holes, Jimmie had just decided to dedicate himself to the delightful task of finding Captain Kidd's buried treasure, or at least that part of it which he felt sure he had traced to a location not far from his home. In imagination he was handing out coffers of gold and precious stones to an admiring audience, when Eleanor rushed into the room, breathless, with the account of her awful attic adventure.

However, he reflected that it might be pleasant to share his plans,—for Jimmie dearly loved to talk,—so in a gentler voice he invited Eleanor to sit down. But her pride had been too deeply wounded to allow of such a concession. With a toss of her head she left the hero to himself, and he was obliged to go to bed for lack of better occupation. There in the dark he completed his plan of bold bucaneeering, and lay awake to hear the old clock on the stairs announce three successive hours.

But late as it was when he fell asleep, he was up at daybreak the next morning, and, eager not to waste one moment of the day, dressed himself as hastily as possible in the finery he had been accumulating for some weeks. When arrayed in the costume of the "order of pirates," the effect was even finer than he had anticipated. He wore short red socks and low shoes on which he had pinned large steel buckles. A gay scarf was draped around his waist, another tied over his head in true pirate fashion, and around his neck, over the old blue jacket that hid all of his red sweater except the wrist-bands, was knotted a red silk handkerchief. On his head over the scarf was an old three-cornered hat which had belonged to a Revolutionary grandfather; and from his ears, suspended by white threads, hung large, old ear-rings of his mother's. A pair of his father's old duck trousers, cut off at the knees to give the proper baggy

effect, completed his outfit, and when he had stuck a Japanese sword in a battered old scabbard through his belt, and taken a pistol from a rack of relics, he so much resembled a pirate as to feel a thrill of pride in his achievement, and a keen desire to begin his adventurous career.

So he crept softly down to the pantry, and packed a gay work-bag of Eleanor's with crackers, cheese, and cake, and filled a bottle labeled "soda-water" with molasses and water as a suitable beverage to quench a pirate's thirst. He then made his way from the house across the two-mile stretch of salt-marshes leading to the inlet. He had often rebelled at the walk when sent on an errand, but in this first chapter in his new career it seemed different.

Reaching the cove where his boat lay, he stowed away his provender and found his pick-axe and shovel safe where he had left them the day before. Then, jumping aboard the boat, he rowed easily down the winding inlet, helped by the current. But when he turned into the bay, divided from the open sea by only a short breakwater, progress was quite another matter. He began to look more sober, to whistle less loudly, and to brace himself for real work. Fortunately it was a calm day or he could scarcely have made any headway against wind and tide in the long pull that was blistering his hands. But at last he reached the strip of sand jutting out from the mainland on which, sunk deep in the sand, lay the spar of an old vessel which Jimmie believed had belonged to the pirate band who had buried their caskets of gold near by.

Beaching his boat, he landed, and began taking measurements to find the exact spot where, as he had figured, the treasure lay. This took some time, and he now decided to eat a bite of luncheon. It did not take long to empty bag and bottle, and off he started toward his boat to get the implements with which to begin work.

But alas for Jimmie! It was clear at a glance that he was *marooned*.

While he had been busy with his luncheon the tide had turned, his peninsula had become an island lapped by waves that threatened soon to cover it, and far out on the water, bobbing up and down, he saw his truant boat!

With a groan of despair, he sank down on

the sand, the empty bag beside him, the pistol in his hand, while the soda-water bottle floated in a little pool.

Only for a few seconds did he give way to his feelings; then, jumping up, he stood erect and brave, as any good pirate should, and decided what to do. A large piece of slate served in place of a shovel, and he dug fast and deep until he had made an immense hole; but he found only sand, and no trace of the pot of

Eleanor with cowardice. Was this his punishment, or only the usual lot of a pirate? Waiting for his last moment to come, to his surprise he continued to live, while thunder and lightning roared and flashed and shook the solid earth, and the waves dashed up to the island and flowed softly over him and his once gorgeous costume.

Slowly came the light, a rift in the clouds showed blue sky, and a boat rounded the point,



"WITH A GROAN OF DESPAIR, HE SANK DOWN ON THE SAND."

gold. Hot and tired, he rested for a moment, and noticed dark clouds gathering. Could night have come so soon? A low, ominous rumble answered him as the first raindrops fell, and he forgot the treasure—forgot everything except his danger. In a panic, he took refuge behind the old boat-spar, clinging to it in a desperate hope of protection against the rising waters. Cowering there, he hid his face that he might not see the waves which were now covering his island, threatening, as he thought, to sweep him out to sea, while remorseful thoughts came thick and fast. He had disobeyed his father's direct commands about rowing along that shore; he had probably given his invalid mother a dangerous fright; he had taunted

manned by two strong men. A megaphone carried their repeated calls to the ears for which they were meant, and a shrill response carried joy to a father's heart.

To row back through the white-capped waves took time and strength, and it was some hours later that the limp, bedraggled, water-logged pirate stood before the home fire, with little left of the bold bucaneer, and much of the thankful boy Jimmie.

That evening, warmed, clothed, and fed, after a long nap, Jimmie was beginning to feel a glow of pride in his adventure, when, with a guilty conscience, the feeling speedily vanished at sight of his father beckoning to him.

"James," he said, "I wish to see you in the

library immediately. I have something to say to you." then his usual merry smile overspread his round face.

A half-hour later, when he emerged, red-faced and meek, he found Eleanor waiting for him, with a mixture of amusement and sympathy written on her face.

"Were n't you one bit afraid, *really* and *truly*?" she whispered—"not one single bit?"

Jimmie looked steadily and solemnly at her,

"Of course not," he said. "Pirates *never* are. I was n't half as frightened as by that talk with father in the library just now."

And as a reward for his surrender, and a satisfaction to her intense curiosity, she let him sit down and tell her all about it—for really she was very fond of Jimmie, after all.

## THE DOVE AND THE CROW.

BY PETER NEWELL.



ONE day a dove met a crow in the top of a tall sycamore-tree.

"For whom are you in mourning?" asked the silly dove, regarding the crow's black plumage.

"For my coat," replied the crow; "it's dyed!"

Which only shows that a flippant answer is sometimes well suited to a foolish question.



## DAY-DREAMS.

BY YSABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN.

"WHEN I 'm a man," said Johnny,  
 "I 'll be a sailor bold,  
 And I 'll sail the mighty ocean in  
 search of wealth untold,  
 And I 'll build myself a castle with  
 a fearful donjon keep,  
 And I 'll have ten thousand vassals  
 who will guard me while I  
 sleep.

"Then I 'll rescue some fair princess  
 from a robber, don't you see?  
 And she will thank me sweetly and  
 say she 'll marry me;  
 And when I wed the princess I 'll  
 be a king, you know,  
 And I 'll have a million subjects  
 who will bow before me low!"

But while he was a-dreaming of the  
 time that was to be,  
 The teacher asked him gently the  
 simple rule of three;  
 Then his castle and his kingdom  
 faded into air at once,  
 And the crown that fate decreed  
 him was the tall cap of a  
 dunce.





## THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.\*

By HOWARD PYLE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOW KING ARTHUR ENCOUNTERED FOUR KNIGHTS, AND WHAT BEFELL THEREBY.

Now the day was extraordinarily sweet and pleasant unto one so lusty of frame and so light of heart as was good King Arthur. For the bright clouds swam smoothly across the blue sky, and the wind blew across the long grass of the meadow-lands, and across the fields of growing wheat, so that a multitude of waves traveled over the hills and valleys like as it were across an entire sea of green. And for a while all the earth would be darkened with wide shadows from those clouds, and anon everything would burst out, of a sudden, into

a wonderful radiance of sunlight once more. And so King Arthur traveled joyously along, by the hedge-rows and the leafy thickets.

Now you are to remember that when King Arthur had come from Carlion unto the castle of Tintagalon, he had brought with him four young knights for to bear him company. And those knights aforesaid were as follows: there was Sir Gawaine; and there was Sir Ewaine; and there was Sir Pellias; and there was Sir Geraint. These were the four noble young knights who had come with King Arthur from Camelot unto Tintagalon.

Now it befell as King Arthur rode all gaily in the summer-time, as aforesaid, that he came to a certain part of the road where he beheld

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before him a tall and comely castle that stood upon a green hillock immediately by the roadside. And, lo, there stood upon the balcony of the castle three fair demoiselles, clad all in green taffeta. And on the highroad in front of the castle there was a knight clad all in very fine armor. And the knight sat upon a noble war-horse, and in his hands he held a lute, and he played upon the lute and sang in a voice of extraordinary sweetness. While he sang those three ladies in green taffeta listened to him with great cheerfulness of mien. And whenever that knight would stint his singing, then those three ladies would clap their hands together with great acclaim, and would bid him to sing to them again; and so would he do with great readiness of spirit.

All this King Arthur beheld, and it appeared to him to be a very pleasant sight, wherefore he rejoiced at it exceedingly.

And as he drew nigh, lo! he beheld that the knight who thus sat upon his horse and played upon the lute and sang unto the accompaniment thereof was none other than Sir Geraint, the son of Erbin. For that knight wore upon his crest the figure of a gryphon, and the device upon his shield was two gryphons rampant facing one another upon a blue field, and King Arthur knew that this was the crest and the device of Sir Geraint. And when the king perceived who was the knight who sat there and sang, he laughed unto himself, and straightway closed his vizor and made him ready for such encounter as might, perchance, befall. So he drew nigh to where the knight sang and the ladies listened.

And when Sir Geraint perceived King Arthur approach, he ceased singing and hung up his lute behind him across his shoulder. Then, casting upward his look to those three fair ladies above him, quoth he: "Mesdames, ye have been pleased to listen to that singing which I have assayed altogether in your honor. Now, likewise in your honor, I will perform a deed of knightly prowess which I very much hope shall bring great glory to you. For if ye will be pleased to lend me that encouragement which your very great beauty can so easily afford, ye shall behold me, I doubt not, overthrow yonder knight speedily and completely."

"Sir Knight," said that lady who spoke for the others, "you are truly a lord of noble bearing and exceedingly pleasing of address, wherefore we do wish you great success in this undertaking; and we do believe that you will succeed in that which you assay to do."

Upon this Sir Geraint gave those three demoiselles great thanks for their words, and thereupon he closed the vizor of his helmet. So, dressing his spear and shield and saluting the three ladies with great humility of demeanor, he went forth to meet King Arthur where he now sat at a little distance, all very quietly and soberly awaiting his pleasure.

And Sir Geraint knew not King Arthur, because he wore no crest upon his helm and no device upon his shield, wherefore as he saluted him he made speech to him in this wise: "Ha, messire, I know not who thou art, seeing that thou bearest neither crest nor device. Ne'theless, I am minded to do thee such honor as I may in running a tilt with thee upon the behalf of those three demoiselles whom thou beholdest yonder upon that balcony. For I do affirm, and am ready to maintain the same with my knightly person, that those ladies are fairer than thy lady, whomsoever she may be."

"Sir Knight," quoth King Arthur, "I will gladly run a course with thee in honor of my lady; for I may tell thee that she is a princess, and is held by many to be the most beautiful dame in all of the world. But I will only contend with thee upon one condition, and the condition is this: that he who is overthrown shall yield himself as servant unto the other for seven days, and in that time he shall do all that may be required of him."

"I will accept thy gage, Sir Unknown Knight," quoth Sir Geraint; "and when I have overthrown thee, I will yield thee unto those fair ladies yonder for to be their servant for seven days. And I do tell thee that there are a great many knights who would certainly regard that as being both a pleasant and an honorable task."

"And should I so chance as to overthrow thee," said King Arthur, "I will send thee for to serve my lady for that same period of time; and that will be even a more honorable task than that which thou hast a mind for me to perform."

# **T**he White Champion meets two Knights at the Mill.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

So each knight saluted the other, and thereupon each took such a stand as should cast the encounter immediately beneath where those three fair demoiselles looked down from the balcony. Then each knight dressed his spear and his shield, and having made ready for the encounter, each sat for a small space entirely prepared. Then each shouted to his war-horse, and drave spur into its flank, and launched forth with wonderful speed to the assault. So they met in the very midst of the course with a force so vehement that the noise thereof was wonderfully appalling for to hear. And each knight smote the other in the very center of his shield. And lo! the spear of Sir Geraint burst into small pieces, even to the truncheon thereof; but the spear of King Arthur held, and Sir Geraint was cast so violently backward that both he and his horse were overthrown into the dust with a tumult like a monstrous roaring of thunder.

And when Sir Geraint had recovered his footing, he was, for a while, so astonished that he wist not where he stood, for never had he been so overthrown in all of his life before. Then, coming quickly unto himself again, he straightway drew forth his sword and called upon King Arthur with exceeding vehemence for to come down from out of his saddle and to fight him afoot.

"Nay, not so, Sir Geraint," said King Arthur; "I will not have to do with thee in that way. Moreover, thou art not to forget that thou hast promised to give thyself unto me as my servant for seven days, for assuredly I have entirely overcome thee in this encounter, and now thou art pledged unto me to be my servant."

Then Sir Geraint knew not what to say, being altogether abashed with shame and vexation at his overthrow. Nevertheless, he perceived that he must uphold his knightly word unto that which he had pledged himself to do; wherefore he put up his sword again, though with exceeding discontent. "Sir Knight," said he, "I do acknowledge myself to have been overcome in this encounter, wherefore I yield myself now unto thy commands, according to my plight word."

"Then I do place my commands upon thee in this wise," quoth King Arthur. "My com-

mand is that thou goest straightway unto the Lady Guinevere at Camilard, and that thou tellest her that thou hast been overthrown by that knight to whom she gave her necklace as a token. Moreover, I do desire that thou shalt obey her in everything that she may command thee to do, and that for the space of seven days to come."

"Sir Knight," quoth Sir Geraint, "that which thou bidst me to do I will perform according to thy commands."

Thereupon he mounted his horse and went his way. And King Arthur went his way. And those three ladies who stood upon the balcony of the castle were exceedingly glad that they had beheld so noble an assay at arms as that which they had looked down upon.

Now after King Arthur had traveled forward for the distance of two or three leagues or more, he came to a certain place of moorlands where were many ditches of water, and where the heron and the marsh-hen sought harborage in the sedge. And here, at sundry points, were several windmills, with their sails all turning slowly in the sunlight before a wind which blew across the level plains of marsh. And at this place there was a long, straight causeway, with two long rows of pollard willows, one upon either hand. And when he had come nigh the middle of this causeway, King Arthur perceived two knights who sat their horses in the shade of a great windmill that stood upon one side of the roadway. And a large shadow of the sails moved ever and anon across the roadway as the wheel of the mill turned slowly afore the wind. And all about the mill, and everywhere about, were great quantities of swallows that darted hither and thither like bees about a hive in midsummer. And those two knights; as they sat in the shadow of the mill, were eating each of a loaf of rye bread, fresh baked and with brittle crust; and with it they ate of a great piece of cheese—which things the miller, all white with dust, served to them. And when these two knights perceived King Arthur, they immediately ceased eating that bread and cheese, and straightway closed their helmets. And when the miller saw them thus prepare themselves, he went quickly back into the mill and shut the

door thereof, and then went and looked out of a window which was over above where the knights were standing.

And King Arthur made very merry unto himself when he perceived that those two knights were Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine. For he knew that the one was Sir Gawaine because that the crest of his helmet was a leopard rampant, and because he bore upon his shield the device of a leopard. And he knew that the other was Sir Ewaine because he bore upon his crest an unicorn, and because the device upon his shield was that of a lady holding a sword in her hand. Accordingly, while he was yet at some distance King Arthur closed his helmet so that those two young knights might not know who he was.

So, when he had come anear to the two knights, Sir Gawaine rode forward for a little distance for to meet him. "Sir Knight," quoth he, "thou must know that this is soothly parlorous ground whereon thou hast ventured; for there is no byway hence across the morass, and thou mayst not go forward without trying a tilt with me."

"Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "and I am very willing to run a tilt with thee. Ne'theless, I will only encounter thee upon one condition, and that is this: that he who is overthrown shall serve the other entirely for the space of seven full days."

"I do accept thy gage, Sir Knight," quoth Sir Gawaine; for he said unto himself, "Of a surety, so exceedingly strong and skilful a knight as I shall easily encompass the overthrow of this unknown knight."

So each knight immediately took his appointed station, and having dressed his spear and his shield, and having fully prepared himself in every manner, and having rested for a little space, each suddenly shouted to his horse, and drave spur into the flanks thereof, and so rushed to the encounter. And each knight smote the other in the center of his shield, and lo! the spear of Sir Gawaine burst into splinters. But the spear of King Arthur held, so that Sir Gawaine was lifted entirely out of his saddle and was unhorsed by that other's onset. And indeed he fell with wonderful violence into the dust, and some distance from his horse.

Nor could he immediately arise from that fall, but lay all bedazed for a little while. And when he did arise, he perceived that the white knight who had overthrown him sat nigh to him upon his horse.

And King Arthur spake and said: "Sir Knight, I have altogether overthrown thee, and so thou must now serve me according to thy knightly word."

Then up spake Sir Ewaine, who sat near by upon his horse. "Not so, Sir Knight," said he; "not so, nor until thou hast had to do with me. For I do make demand of thee that thou shalt straightway joust with me. And if I overthrow thee I will claim of thee that thou shalt release yonder knight from that servitude unto which he hath pledged himself. But if thou overthrowest me, then will I serve thee even as he hath pledged himself to serve thee." So spake Sir Ewaine; for he said unto himself: "Certes I am of more approved skill at arms than Gawaine. And it may scarcely be possible that this unknown errant knight may hope to overthrow me who am one of the very best champions of King Arthur's court."

"Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "I do accept thy gage with all readiness of spirit!"

So each knight took his assigned place and dressed himself for the encounter. Then shouted they, and drave together, rushing the one upon the other like unto two rams upon the hillside. And the spear of Sir Ewaine was also shivered into pieces. But King Arthur's spear held, so that the girths of Sir Ewaine's saddle were burst apart, and both the saddle and the knight were swept off the horse's back with such violence that a tower falling could scarcely have made a greater noise than did Sir Ewaine when he smote the dust of that causeway.

Then Sir Ewaine arose to his feet and gazed about him, all filled with entire amazement. And to him came King Arthur, and bespake him thus. "Ha, Sir Knight," quoth he, "me seems that thou hast been fairly overcome this day. And so, according to your promises, both thou and yonder other knight must fulfil all my commands for the space of full seven days to come. Now this is the command that I set upon ye both: that ye shall straightway go

unto the Lady Guinevere at Camilard, and shall take her greeting from her knight. And ye shall say to her that her knight unto whom she gave her necklace hath sent ye, who are kings' sons, for to do obedience unto her. And all that she shall command ye to do in these seven days that are to come, that shall ye perform, even unto the smallest grain."

"Sir Knight," said Sir Gawaine, "so we will do according to thy commands, having pledged ourselves thereunto. But when these seven days are passed, I do make my vow that I shall seek thee out and shall carry this combat unto its entire extremity. For it may happen to any knight to be unhorsed as I have been, yet do I believe that I may have a better success with thee an I battle with thee to the extremity of my endeavor."

"Ha, Sir Knight!" said King Arthur, "it shall be even as thou desirest. Yet I do verily believe that when these seven days are passed thou wilt not have such a great desire for to fight with me as thou now hast."

Having so spoken, King Arthur saluted those two knights, and they saluted him. And then he turned his horse and went his way. And whenever he bethought him of how those two good knights had fallen before his assault, and when he thought of how astonished and abashed they had been at their overthrow, he laughed aloud for pure mirth, and vowed unto himself that he had never in all of his life engaged in so joyous an adventure as this.

And when Sir Ewaine had mended the girths of his saddle, then he and Sir Gawaine mounted their horses and betook their way toward Camilard, much cast down in spirits.

And the miller came forth from the mill once more, greatly rejoiced at having beheld such a wonderfully knightly encounter from so safe a place as that from which he had beheld it.

And so King Arthur rode onward with great content of mind until the slanting of the afternoon had come, and by that time he had come nigh to that arm of the forest-land which he bore in mind as the proper place where he might leave his horse and his armor.

Now as he drew nigh to this part of the forest skirts he perceived before him at the roadside a gnarled and stunted oak-tree. And he

perceived that upon the oak-tree there hung a shield, and that underneath the shield were written these words in fair large letters:

**Wboso Smitetb upon this Shield  
Doetb so at Peril unto his Body.**

Then King Arthur was filled with great spirit, and, uplifting his spear, he smote upon that shield so that it rang loudly.

And immediately King Arthur heard a voice issue out of the forest: "Who hath dared to assail my shield?" And straightway there came out thence a knight of large frame, riding upon a horse white like that which King Arthur himself rode. And the trappings of the horse and of the knight were all white like unto the trappings of King Arthur and his horse. And the knight bore upon his helmet, as his crest, a swan with outspread wings, and upon his shield he bore the emblazonment of three swans upon a silver field. And because of the crest and the emblazonment of the shield King Arthur knew that this knight was Sir Pellias, who had come with him from Camelot to Tintagalon.

And when Sir Pellias had come nigh to where King Arthur waited for him, he drew rein and bespoke him with great sternness of voice. "Ho, ho, Sir Knight," quoth he. "Why didst thou dare to smite upon my shield? Verily that blow shall indeed bring thee great peril and dole. Wherefore prepare to defend thyself straightway because of what thou hast done."

"Stay, stay, Sir Knight," said King Arthur. "It shall be as thou wouldst have it, and I will do combat with thee. Yet will I not assay this adventure until thou hast agreed that the knight who is overcome in this encounter shall serve the other, in whatsoever manner that other may desire, for the space of seven days from this time."

"Sir Knight," said Sir Pellias, "I do accept that risk; wherefore I bid thee now presently to prepare thyself for the encounter."

Thereupon each knight took his station and dressed his spear and shield. And when they had prepared themselves they immediately launched together with a violence like to two stones cast from a catapult. So they met in the



midst of the course, and again King Arthur was entirely successful in that assault which he made. For the spear of Sir Pellias burst to pieces, and the spear of King Arthur held; and Sir Pellias was cast with passing violence out of his saddle for the distance of more than half a spear's-length beyond the heels of his horse. Nor did he altogether recover from that fall for a long time, so that King Arthur had to wait beside him for a considerable while ere he was able to lift himself up from the ground whereon he lay.

"Ha, Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "assuredly it hath not gone well with thee this day, for thou hast been entirely overthrown, and now thou must straightway redeem thy pledge to serve me for seven days hereafter. Wherefore I now set it upon thee as my command that thou shalt go straightway unto Camilard, and that thou shalt greet the Lady Guinevere from me, telling her that her knight unto whom she gave her necklace hath been successful in battle with thee. Likewise I set it upon thee that thou shalt obey her for the space of seven days in whatsoever she may command thee to do."

"Sir Knight," said Sir Pellias, "it shall even be as thou dost ordain. Yet I would that I knew who thou art, for I do declare that I have never yet in all my life been overthrown as thou hast overthrown me. And, indeed, I think that there are very few men in the world who could serve me as thou hast served me."

"Sir Knight," said King Arthur, "sometime thou shalt know who I am. But as yet I am bound to entire secrecy."

Thereupon he saluted Sir Pellias, and turned and entered the forest, and was gone.

And Sir Pellias mounted his horse and betook him to Camilard, much cast down and disturbed in spirit, yet much marveling who that knight could be who had served him as he had been served.

So that day there came to Camilard, first Sir Geraint, and then Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, and last of all there came Sir Pellias. And when these four beheld one another they were all abashed, so that one scarce dared to look the other in the face. And when they came before the Lady Guinevere and told her

how that knight who wore her necklace had overthrown them all and had sent them thither to serve her for seven days, and when she reckoned how great and famous were those four knights in deeds of chivalry, she was exceedingly exalted that her knight should have approved himself so great in those deeds of arms which he had undertaken to perform. And she greatly marveled who that champion could be, and debated those things in her own mind. For it was a thing altogether unheard of that one knight, in one day and with a single spear, should have overthrown five such well-proved and famous knights as Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Pellias. So she gave herself great joy that she had bestowed the gift of her necklace upon so worthy a knight, and she was exceedingly uplifted with extraordinary pleasure at the thought of the honor he had endowed her withal.

Now after King Arthur had entered the forest, he came by and by to where those woodchoppers, afore spoken of, plied their craft. And he abided with them for that night. And when the next morning had come, he intrusted them with his horse and armor, charging them to guard those things with all care, and that they should be wonderfully rewarded therefor. Then he took his departure from that place with intent to return unto Camilard. And he was clad in that jerkin of frieze which he had worn ever since he had left Tintagalon.

And when he had reached the outskirts of the forest he set his cap of disguise upon his head and so resumed his mean appearance once more. So, his knightliness being entirely hidden, he returned to Camilard for to be gardener's boy once more.

And now you shall hear the further part of this mirthful adventure; so listen unto that which here follows.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HOW THE FOUR KNIGHTS SERVED THE LADY GUINEVERE.

Now when King Arthur returned to Camilard once more (which fell upon the afternoon



of the second day) he found the gardener waiting for him, exceedingly filled with wrath. And the gardener had a long birchen rod which he had fetched thither for to punish his boy withal, when he should have returned to the garden again. So when he beheld King Arthur he said: "Thou knave! wherefore didst thou quit thy work to go a-gadding?" And King Arthur laughed and said: "Touch me not." At this the gardener waxed so exceeding wroth that he caught the king by the collar of his jerkin with intent to beat him, saying: "Dost thou laugh at me, knave, and mock at me?"

Then, when King Arthur felt that man's hand laid upon him, and when he heard the words that the gardener spake in his wrath, his royal spirit waxed very big within him, and he cried out: "Ha, wretch! wouldst thou dare to lay thy hands upon my sacred person?" So saying, he seized the gardener by the wrists, and took the rod straight away from him, and struck him with it across the shoulders. And when that poor knave felt himself thus in the powerful grasp of the angry king, and when he felt the rod upon his shoulders, he straightway lifted up a great outcry, although the blow hurt him not a whit. "Now get thee gone!" quoth King Arthur, "and trouble me no more; else will I serve thee in a way that will not at all belike thee." Herewith he loosed that poor man and let him go; and the gardener was so bemazed with terror that both the earth and the sky swam before him. For King Arthur's eyes had flashed upon him like lightning, and those two hands had held his wrists with wonderful power. Wherefore, when the king let him go he gat him away as quickly as might be, all trembling with a great fear.

So he went straight to the Lady Guinevere and complained to her of the manner in which he had been treated. "Lady," quoth he, all weeping with the memory of his terror, "my boy went away for a day or more, I know not whither; and when I would whip him for quitting his work, he taketh the rod straight away from me and beateth me with it. Wherefore now, I prithee, deal with him as is fitting, and let several strong men drive him away from this place with rods."

Then the Lady Guinevere laughed. "Let be!"

she said, "and meddle with him no more; for, indeed, he appeareth to be a very saucy fellow. As for thee, take thou no heed of his coming or his going, and haply I will deal with him in a way that shall be fitting."

Whereupon the gardener went his way, greatly marveling that the Lady Guinevere should be so mild in dealing with the froward knave. And the Lady Guinevere went her way, very merry. For she began to bethink her that there was soothly some excellent reason why it should happen that when the White Champion, who did such wonderful deeds, should come thither, then that gardener's boy should go; and that when that same champion should go, then the gardener's boy should come thitherward again. Wherefore she suspected many things, and was wonderfully merry and cheerful of spirit.

Now that day, in the afternoon, the Lady Guinevere chanced to walk in the garden with her damsels, and with her walked those four noble knights who had been sent thither by her White Champion; to wit: Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Pellias. And the gardener's lad was digging in the garden; and as they passed by where he was the Lady Guinevere laughed aloud and cried out: "Look, look, messires and ladies! Yonder is a very saucy fellow for to be a gardener's lad; for he continually weareth his cap, even when he standeth in the presence of lords and ladies."

Then Sir Gawaine spake up, saying: "Is it even so? Now will I straightway go to yonder knave and will take his hat off for him, and that in a way so greatly to his misliking that I do not believe that he will ever offend by wearing it in our presence again."

At this the Lady Guinevere laughed a very great deal. "Let be," she said, "let be! Sir Gawaine, it would ill beseech one so gentle as thou art to have to do with yonder saucy fellow. Moreover, he doth assure us all that he hath taken a vow to wear his cap; wherefore let him wear his cap, a' mercy."

Thus the Lady Guinevere, though she suspected a very great deal, was yet pleased to make a mock of him whom she suspected.

Now that day Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER had entirely recovered from those sore

hurts that he had suffered from his overthrow at the hands of the White Champion. Wherefore, the next morning having come, he appeared again before the castle as he had appeared aforetime, clad all in complete armor. And this time there rode before him two heralds, and when the duke and the two heralds had come to that part of the meadows that lay immediately before the castle of Camilard, the heralds blew their trumpets exceedingly loud. And at the sound of the trumpets many people came and gathered upon the walls; and King Leodegrance came and took stand upon a lesser tower that looked down upon the plain where were the Duke of North UMBER and the two heralds. And the Duke of North UMBER lifted up his eyes and beheld King Leodegrance where he stood over above him upon the top of that tower. And he cried out in a loud voice: "What, ho, King Leodegrance! Thou shalt not think because I suffered a fall from my horse, through the mischance of an assault at arms, that thou art therefore quit of me. Yet, ne'theless, I do now make this fair proffer unto thee. To-morrow-day I shall appear before this castle with six knights-companion. Now, if thou hast any seven knights who are able to stand against me and my companions in an assault at arms,—whether with spears or swords, or ahorse or afoot,—then shall I engage myself for to give over all pretense whatsoever unto the hand of the Lady Guinevere. But if thou canst not provide such champions to contend successfully against me and my knights-companion, then shall I not only lay claim to Lady Guinevere, but I shall likewise seize upon and shall hold for mine own three certain castles of thine that stand upon the borders of North UMBER. And likewise I shall seize upon and shall hold for mine own all the lands and glebes appertaining unto those same castles. Moreover, this challenge of mine shall hold only until to-morrow at set of sun; after the which time it shall be null and void. Wherefore, King Leodegrance, thou hadst best look to it straightway to provide thee with such champions as may defend thee from these demands aforesaid."

Hereupon those two heralds blew their trumpets once more, and Duke Mordaunt of North

UMBER turned his horse about and went away from that place. And King Leodegrance also went his way, very sorrowful and downcast in his spirits. For he said to himself: "Is it at all likely that another champion shall come unto me like that wonderful White Champion who came two days since, I know not whence, for to defend me against mine enemies? And touching that same White Champion, if I know not whence he came, so I also know not whither he hath departed; so how shall I know where to seek him to beseech his further aid in this time of mine extremity?" Wherefore he went his way, very sorrowful, and wist not what he was to do for to defend himself. So, being thus exceedingly troubled in his spirit, he went straight unto his own room, and there shut himself therein; nor would he see any man nor speak unto any one, but gave himself over entirely unto sorrow and despair.

Now in this extremity the Lady Guinevere bethought her of those four knights who had been pledged for to serve her for seven days. So she went unto them where they were, and she bespoke them in this wise: "Messires, ye have been sent hither pledged for to serve me for seven days. Now I do ordain it of you that you will take this challenge of Duke Mordaunt upon you at my behest, and I do much desire that you go forth to-morrow-day for to meet this Duke of North UMBER and his knights-companion in battle, for ye are terribly powerful knights, and, I do believe, may easily defend us against our enemies."

But Sir Gawaine said: "Not so, lady; not so! For though we are pledged unto thy service, yet are we not pledged unto the service of King Leodegrance thy father. Nor have we quarrel of any sort with this Duke of North UMBER, nor with his six knights-companion. For we are knights of King Arthur his court; nor may we, except at his command, take any foreign quarrel upon us in the service of another king."

Then was the Lady Guinevere exceedingly angry, wherefore she said with great heat: "Either thou art a wonderfully faithful lord unto thy king, Sir Gawaine, or else thou fearest to meet this Duke of North UMBER and his knights-companion."

And at this speech of the Lady Guinevere's

Sir Gawaine was also exceedingly wroth, wherefore he made reply: "An thou wert a knight and not a woman, Lady Guinevere, thou wouldst think three or four times ere thou wouldst find courage to speak those words unto me." Whereupon he arose and went out from that place with a countenance all inflamed with wrath. And the Lady Guinevere went away also from that place, and to her bower, where she wept a very great deal, both from sorrow and from anger.

Now all this while King Arthur had been very well aware of everything that passed; wherefore he by and by arose and went out and found the gardener. And he took the gardener strongly by the collar of his coat and held him where he was. And he said to him: "Sirrah! I have a command to set upon thee, and thou shalt perform that command to the letter, else, an thou perform it not, a very great deal of pain may befall thee." Herewith speaking, he thrust his hand into the bosom of his jerkin and brought forth thence that necklace of pearls which the Lady Guinevere had given him from about her neck. And he said further unto the gardener: "Thou shalt take this necklace to the Lady Guinevere, and thou shalt say to her thus: that she is to send me forthwith bread and meat and wine and comfits from her own table. And thou shalt say unto her that I desire her to summon those four knights,—to wit, Sir Gawaine, Sir Ewaine, Sir Geraint, and Sir Pellias,—and that she is to bid those four for to come and serve me with those things from her table. And thou art to say unto her that she is to lay her commands upon those knights that they are further to serve me according as I may command, and that they are henceforth to be my servants and not her servants. And these are the commands that I lay upon thee: that thou art to say these things unto the Lady Guinevere."

And when the gardener heard those words he was so astonished that he wist not what to think, for he deemed that the gardener-lad had gone altogether mad. Wherefore he lifted up his voice and cried aloud, "How now! What is this thou sayest? Verily, should I do such a thing as this thou bidst me to do, either it will cost me my life or else it will cost thee

thy life. For who would dare for to say such words unto the Lady Guinevere?"

But King Arthur said: "Ne'theless thou shalt surely do as I command thee, sirrah. For if thou disobey in one single point, then I do assure thee it will go exceedingly ill with thee. For I have it in my power for to make thee suffer as thou hast never suffered before."

And upon this the gardener said, "I will go." For he said unto himself: "An I do as this fellow biddeth me, then will the Lady Guinevere have him punished in great measure, and so I shall be revenged upon him for what he did unto me yesterday. Moreover, it irks me exceedingly that I should have a lad for to work in the garden who behaves as this fellow does." Wherefore he said, "I will go." So he took that necklace of pearls that King Arthur gave him, and he went forth, and after a while he found the Lady Guinevere, where she was. And when he had found her, he bespoke her in this wise:

"Lady, my garden-boy hath assuredly gone entirely mad. For, under the threat of certain great harm he would do unto me an I performed not his errand, he hath sent me to offer a very grievous affront unto thee. For he hath sent me with this string of large beads for to give to thee; and he biddeth me to tell thee that thou art to send to him bread and meat and sweetmeats and wine, such as thou usest at thine own table; and he biddeth me to tell thee that these things are to be served to him by the four noble knights who came hither the day before yesterday. And he saith that thou art to command those same knights that they are to obey him in whatsoever he may command, for that they are henceforth to be his servants, and not thine. And, indeed, lady, he would listen to naught that I might say to him contrariwise, but he hath threatened us with dire injury an I came not hither and delivered this message unto thee."

And when the Lady Guinevere heard what the gardener said, and when she beheld the necklace which she had given unto that White Champion, and when she was aware that the White Champion and the gardener's boy were indeed one, she was uplifted with an exceeding joy; wherefore she knew not whether to laugh

or whether to weep for that pure joy. So she arose and took the necklace of pearls, and she bade the gardener for to come with her. Then she went forth until she found those four knights, and when she had found them she spake unto them thus:

"My lords, awhile ago I commanded you for to take my quarrel with Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER upon you for my sake, but ye would not do so. And thou, my Lord Gawaine, didst speak to me such angry words as are not fitting that one who serveth should speak with his mistress, far less that a knight should speak unto the daughter of a king. Accordingly, I have it in my mind that ye shall perform a certain thing by way of a penance, which, an ye refuse to do, I will know very well that ye do not intend to fulfil that word which ye plighted to my knight when he overthrew you all four in fair combat. Now my command is this: that ye take certain food prepared for my table,—meats and white bread and sweetmeats and wine,—and that ye take that food unto my gardener's boy, whose cap, Sir Gawaine, thou didst threaten so valorously for to take away from him this very morning. And ye four are to serve the food unto him as though he were a royal knight. And when ye have so served him ye are to obey him in whatsoever he may ordain. And this I put upon ye as a penalty that ye took not my quarrel upon ye as true knights should; for hereafter ye are to be servants unto that gardener's boy and not unto me. Wherefore ye are now to go unto the buttery of the castle, and ye are to bid the server for to give you meats such as are served upon mine own table. And the food ye are to set upon silver plates, and the wine ye are to serve in silver cups and goblets. And ye are to serve that gardener's boy as though he were a great lord of exceeding fame and renown."

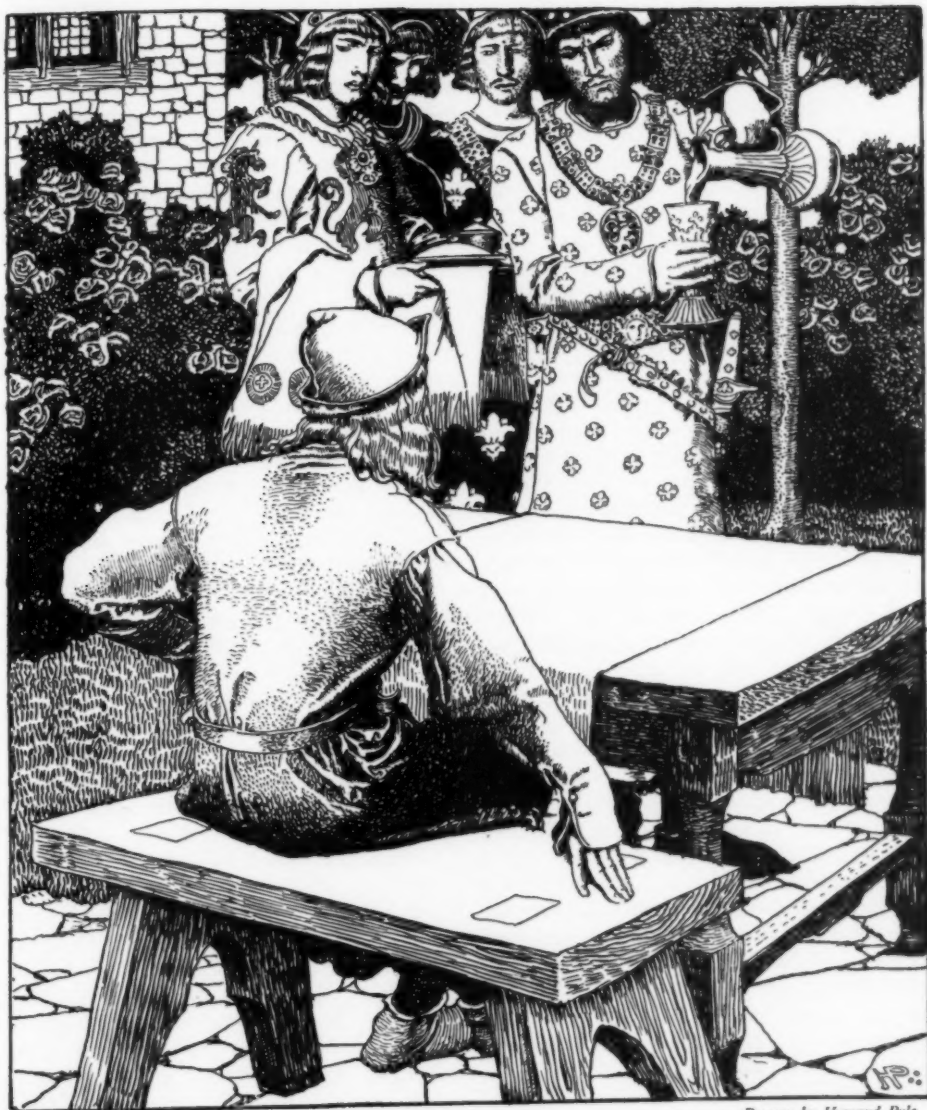
Thus spake the Lady Guinevere, and when she had spoken she turned and left those four knights, and she took with her the gardener, who was so astonished at that which he had heard that he wist not whether he had gone mad or whether the Lady Guinevere had gone mad. And the Lady Guinevere bade the gardener to go to the gardener-boy and to tell him that all things should be fulfilled according

to his commands. And so the gardener did as he was told.

Now turn we to those four knights whom the Lady Guinevere had left. For they were all bemazed and abashed at the singular commands she had set upon them. And when they recovered from their amazement they were inflamed with exceeding indignation, that for the time they wist not whether that which they saw with their eyes was the light of day, or whether it was darkness. Nor could one of them look at another in the face, so overcome were they with shame at the affront that had been put upon them. Then up spake Sir Gawaine, and his voice so trembled with his exceeding anger that he could scarce contain it for to speak his words. "Messires," quoth he, "do ye not see how that this lady hath wantonly put a great affront upon us because we would not do that which she this morning bade us to do, and because we would not take up her quarrel against the Duke of North UMBER? Now will we indeed serve this gardener's boy even as she hath ordained. For we will serve him with meat and drink as she hath commanded; and we will render our service unto him as she hath bidden us to do. But, observe ye, we are no longer her servants, but we are his servants; wherefore we may serve him as we choose for to do. So when we have fulfilled her commands and have served him with meat and drink, and when we have obeyed whatever behests he layeth upon us, then do I make my vow that I, with mine own hand, shall slay that gardener's boy. And when I have slain him I will put his head into a bag, and I will send that bag unto the Lady Guinevere by the meanest carrier whom I can find for that purpose. And this proud lady shall so receive an affront as great as that affront which she hath put upon us." And they all said that that which Sir Gawaine had planned should be exactly as he had said.

So those four lords went unto the server of the castle, and they asked for the best of that food which was served unto the Lady Guinevere—meats and bread and sweetmeats and wine. And then they all took silver plates and

# **F**our Knights serve the Gardener Lad.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*



platters and they placed the food upon them; and they took silver cups and silver goblets and they poured the wine into them; and they went forth with these things. And when they had come back of the castle nigh to the stables, they found the gardener's boy, and they bade him sit down and to eat and drink. And they waited upon him as though he had been some great lord. (And not one of those four knights wist who he was, nor that he was the great king whose servant they, soothly, were. For he wore his cap of disguise upon his head, wherefore they deemed him to be only a poor peasant fellow.)

And when Sir Ewaine beheld that he still wore his cap before them, he spake unto him with great indignation, saying: "Ha, villain! wouldst thou wear thy cap even in the presence of great princes and lords such as we be?"

And Sir Gawaine said, "Let be; it matters not." And then he said very bitterly unto the gardener's boy: "Eat thou well, sirrah! For thou shalt hardly eat another meal of food upon this earth."

And the gardener's boy made reply: "Sir Knight, that, haply, shall lie unto another will than thine for to determine. So that maybe I shall eat many other meals than this; and maybe ye shall even serve at them as ye are serving me now." And those four lords were astonished beyond measure that he should bespeak them thus so calmly and without any appearance of fear.

And after he had eaten, the gardener's boy said unto those knights: "Behold, messires, I have had enough and am done; and now I have other commands for you to fulfil. And my next command is that ye shall make ready straightway to go abroad with me, and to that end ye shall clothe yourselves with complete armor. And thou, Sir Gawaine, shalt go to the head stable-keeper of this castle, and thou shalt demand of him that he shall make ready Lady Guinevere's palfrey, so that I may straightway ride forth upon it. And when ye are all encased in your armor, and when everything is duly appointed to my command, ye shall bring that palfrey unto the postern-gate of the castle, and there I shall meet ye for to ride forth with you."

And Sir Gawaine said: "It shall be done in

every way according as thou dost command; but when we ride forth from this castle it shall be a sorry journey for thee."

And the gardener's boy said: "I think not so, Sir Gawaine."

Then went those four away and did according as the gardener's boy commanded. And when they had made themselves ready in full array of armor, and when they had obtained the Lady Guinevere's palfrey, they went unto the postern-gate, and there the gardener's boy met them. And when he saw that they sat their horses, and that they moved not at his coming, he said: "Ha, messires! and would ye so treat him whom ye have been ordained to serve? Now I do bid ye, Sir Gawaine and Sir Ewaine, for to come down and to hold my stirrup for me; and I bid ye, Sir Geraint and Sir Pellias, for to come down and to hold my palfrey for me whiles I mount."

Then those four noble knights did as they were commanded. And Sir Gawaine said: "Thou mayst command as thou dost list; and I do bid thee to make the most of it whiles thou mayst do so, for thou shalt have but a little while longer for to enjoy the great honor that hath fallen upon thee. For that honor which hath fallen upon thee, lo, it shall presently crush thee unto death."

And the gardener's boy said: "Not so; I believe I shall not die yet whiles." And again those four lords were greatly astonished at the calmness of his demeanor.

And so they rode forth from that place; and the gardener's boy would not permit that they should ride either before him or beside him, but he commanded them that they should ride behind him whiles they were still servants unto him.

And so they rode as he assigned them for a considerable while. Then, after they had gone forward a great distance, they drew nigh to a gloomy and dismal woodland that lay entirely beyond the country coadjacent to Camilard. And when they had come nigh unto this woodland, Sir Gawaine rode a little forward and he said: "Sir Gardener's Boy, seest thou yonder bit of woodland? When we come unto it, we now give thee fair warning, thou shalt immediately die, and that by a sword that hath



never yet been touched by any but noble or knightly blood."

And King Arthur turned him about in his saddle, and he said: "Ha, Sir Gawaine! wouldst thou ride forward thus when I bid thee to ride behind me?"

And as he spake he took the cap from off his head, and lo! they all beheld that it was King Arthur who rode with them.

Then a great silence of pure astonishment fell upon them all, and each man sat as though he were turned into an image of stone. And it was King Arthur who first spake. And he said: "Ha! How now, Sir Knights! Have ye no words of greeting for to pay to me? Certes ye have served me with a very ill grace this day. Moreover, ye have threatened to slay me; and now when I speak to you ye say naught in reply."

Then did those four knights immediately cry out aloud; and they leaped down from off their

horses, and they knelt down into the dust of the road. And when King Arthur beheld them kneeling there, he laughed with great joyfulness of spirit and bade them for to mount their horses again, for the time was passing by when there was much to do.

So they mounted their horses and rode away. And as they journeyed forward the king told them all that had befallen him, so that they were greatly amazed, and gave much acclaim unto the knightliness with which he had borne himself in those excellent adventures through which he had passed. And they rejoiced greatly that they had a king for to rule over them who was possessed of such a high and knightly spirit.

So they rode to that arm of the forest where King Arthur had left his horse and his armor.

And now ye shall hear the conclusion of these goodly adventures, so listen to what follows.

(To be continued.)

## NEWS NOTES.

(From the Springville "Breeze.")

WE'RE pleased to state that Mr. Wren  
And wife are back, and at the Eaves.

The Robins occupy again  
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Garden restaurant reports  
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that fav'rite of resorts—  
Has boughs to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee  
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree  
For sundry floral offerings.

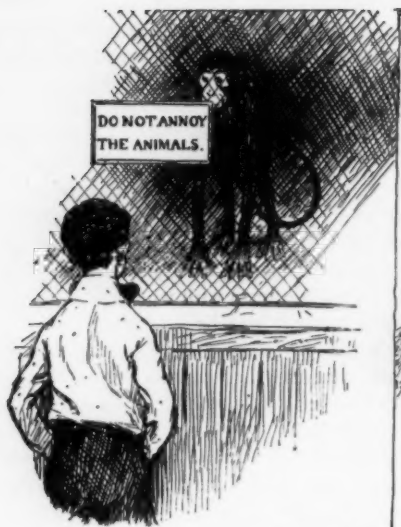
Down Cistern-way a water-spout  
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out  
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

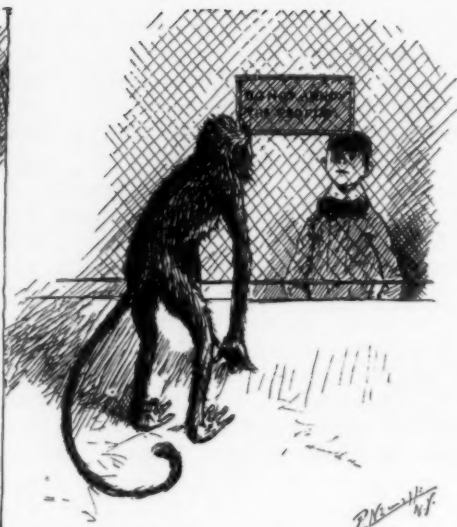
In case you run across Green Lawn  
Don't wonder why he looks so queer.

'T is only that he's undergone  
His first short hair-cut of the year.

Edwin L. Sabin.



FROM THE OUTSIDE.



FROM THE INSIDE.

## THE LETTERS OF THE PRINCE OF YOUBA AND THE PRINCE OF POMBA.

(Illustrations Drawn from Exhibits in the South Kensington Museum, London.)

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

"Aw-w! Ow-w!"

The young Prince of Youba, being nothing but a little savage, yawned in this rude fashion.

"Aw-w! Ow-w! I will send to the Prince of Pomba to come and play with me."

He sent him this note:

ceived the note, and, having asked and received his royal father's permission, he sent this reply:

I am drawn to you.

Fig 2 will show how he sent it.

The young Prince



FIG. 1.

I draw myself to you and would like to see you. I hope you will come immediately.

Fig. 1 will show how he sent it.

The Prince of Pomba smiled when he re-

of Youba was naturally very much pleased with this reply, and pranced about, crying out:

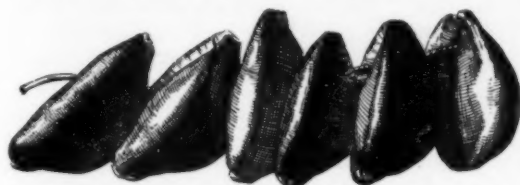
"Good! He will come, and I shall not longer weary of myself."

"I draw myself to you and would like to see you. I hope you will come immediately."

Then, as he was afraid the Prince of Pomba would not come as quickly as he wished, he sent another note to this effect:

I wish to see you. Do not delay in coming; but as the bird flies straight and quickly, so do you come as quickly, that I may see you face to face. When you come we will sit down and play together.

Fig. 3 will show how he sent it.  
Now the young Prince of Pomba was as



"I am drawn to you."

FIG. 2.

impatient as was the Prince of Youba, but he could not help laughing when he received this communication. However, he answered at once by the following message:

Your plan pleases me. I agree. But the distance is great.

Fig. 4 will show how he sent it.

The moment the young Prince of Youba received this, he ran with it to his head nurse, calling out (as even royal boys will do):

"He is coming! Good! he is coming.

After a while the Prince of Pomba arrived, and for a short time his host treated him as an honored guest, and everything was delightful.

Presently the Prince of Pomba beat at the game of the Beans and the Board, which the young princes were playing, and the Prince of Youba was angry and made some very impolite remarks. The Prince of Pomba answered in a way to make matters worse, and finally threw the beans all over the ground and sprang up, saying angrily:

"I won't play. So, now!"

Then the Prince of Pomba and the Prince of Youba each waited for the other to say he was sorry for his rudeness; but neither would do this. So the Prince of Pomba sulked awhile, and then went and found his bearer, whom he ordered to take him home at once. But he still felt very much injured, and nothing would do

but that he must send a message to the young Prince of Youba to this effect:

You are a mean fellow!

Fig. 5. will show how he sent it.

The young Prince of Youba was angry at the Prince of Pomba, however, and, besides, was bent on making it seem that the latter was entirely at fault, so he sent this note:

You owed me kindness, and yet you have kicked against me. I will cast you off because you have treated me thus.

Fig. 6 will show how he sent it.

The Prince of Pomba, in the meantime having relieved his mind, had begun to feel sorry for what had happened, and the note of the young Prince of Youba made him fairly cry. He sat down at once, and composed this message:

I am sorry for what I have done. Let us be friends.

Fig. 7 will show how he sent it.

The Prince of Youba was ashamed of his actions, and was glad enough to have his friend take the first steps toward peace, but would not say it in so many words. What his message did say was:

Your words agree with my thoughts. Deceive me not, and I shall not deal doubly with you. This that you see is a piece of the mat that we sat upon together. I am anxiously waiting to hear from you.

Fig. 8 will show how he sent it.

And now the Prince of Youba and the Prince



FIG. 3.

of Pomba have made up their quarrel, and are as good friends as ever.

#### THE EXPLANATION OF THE TWO PRINCES' MESSAGES.

COMMUNICATING ideas by means of symbols is a thing that has been and still is being done

by more than half of the savage peoples of the world. North American Indians used to send messages in this way, as anybody who has read Cooper's delightful Leather-stocking Tales will

a feather, the other knew that his friend wished to see his playfellow at once; for a feather always means haste. Then the Prince of Pomba had only to return the six cowries, meaning

"your wish is mine."

When two cowries have their curved surfaces face to face they mean, very obviously, a desire to see the person to whom they are sent, face to face. A feather added would mean a desire to see quickly, and that the person so addressed



"Your plan pleases me. I agree. But the distance is great."

FIG. 4.

know. When Pizarro conquered Peru, he found that the Incas had kept a sort of history by an ingenious system of knotted strings.

The true symbolic writing, however, is that which consists in taking tangible objects and making them convey an unmistakable meaning. Of course certain objects, by frequent use for the same meaning, come to have a fixed significance; but the meaning of any message in symbols depends upon the relation the sender bears to the receiver. For example, if the Prince of Youba had been a young man, and the Prince of Pomba a young woman, and they had been lovers, the string of six cowry shells, all facing the same way, which the former sent, would have been an offer of marriage; and the string of eight cowries, all facing the same way, which the latter returned by way of answer, would have been an acceptance.



"You are a mean fellow!"

FIG. 5.

So, when the young Prince of Youba wished to send a message to the young Prince of Pomba he had no difficulty in doing so, although he had only cowry shells, feathers, bits of cord, beans, pieces of spice, and the shred of a mat. When he sent a string of six cowries to the Prince of Pomba, the latter, being his playmate, knew that the sender meant he was drawn to the receiver as one playmate to another. And because the Prince of Youba added

should come as a bird would come—straight and quickly. But, as a further incentive to speed, the young Prince of Youba added to these symbols two beans, which could mean but one thing: "When you come we will sit down and play together the game of the Beans and the Board."

When the Prince of Pomba answered by sending eight cowries turned the same way, it meant that the plan proposed was a pleasing one, and that he was willing to do as he was asked. But the Prince of Pomba lived some distance from the Prince of Youba, and he wished the latter to remember that, and not be impatient if he was some time in coming; so he sent a long piece of cord with the eight cowries, because a long string always means a long road or distance.

Two cowries placed with their curved surfaces looking outward convey the idea that the sender is angry and wishes to reprove his correspondent; and therefore it was that when the Prince of Pomba wished to tell the Prince of Youba that he was a mean fellow, he sent the two cowries placed with their faces out.

An odd number of cowries always indicates



"You owed me kindness, and yet you have kicked against me. I will cast you off because you have treated me thus."

FIG. 6.

some sort of unpleasantness, and so the Prince of Youba, being in a bad humor, sent *three* cowries to the Prince of Pomba, because custom gave to that number the meaning that the person addressed had been guilty of ingratitude in quarreling, and was, consequently, the one in fault.

Then there was the answer of the Prince of Pomba of six cowries with their curved surfaces face to face. If two cowries face to face mean a friendly feeling and a desire to meet, then six face to face would be three times as strong a feeling, and the Prince of Youba would know that the Prince of Pomba was sorry and wished to be friends again.

The Prince of Youba's answer to that message was a string on which were eight cowries all turned one way, a piece of spice, a shred of a mat, and a feather. See, now, how easily that is interpreted: The eight cowries mean agreement, the spice means a pleasant sensation, a thing of which one may be assured by burning the spice, the shred of mat is a re-

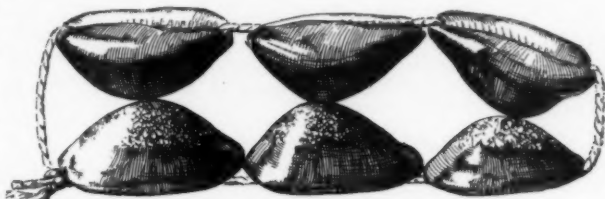
we sat upon." Feather, "Haste"; or, "I am anxiously waiting to hear from you."

Of course there are many other objects used to convey other meanings. For example, if a savage wakes up some morning and finds a knife and a spear on the threshold of his hut, he knows that his life is in danger from some enemy, who is, however, willing to give him time to run away.

Sometimes novel symbols are sent, and then the receiver must exercise his ingenuity to study out the meaning. Thus one man received from his brother a stone wrapped up in some rags. He puzzled over the symbols for a while, and then decided that this was his brother's meaning:

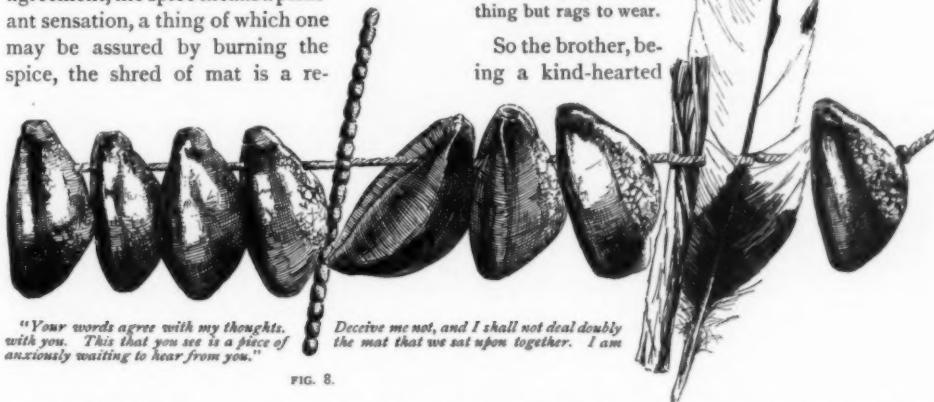
I have nothing but stones to eat, and nothing but rags to wear.

So the brother, being a kind-hearted



"I am sorry for what I have done. Let us be friends."

FIG. 7.



"Your words agree with my thoughts. with you. This that you see is a piece of anxiously waiting to hear from you."

Deceive me not, and I shall not deal doubly the mat that we sat upon together. I am

FIG. 8.

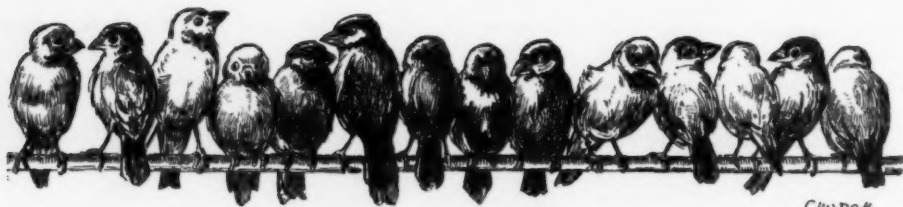
minder of the happy times they passed with each other, and the feather, as before, means haste.

Eight cowries turned one way, "Your words agree with my feeling." Spice, "Something to be depended on"; or, "Deceive me not and I will not deal doubly with you." Shred of mat, "This that you see is a piece of the mat that

man, promptly sent back a grain of corn and a feather, which was the same thing as saying:

I will send you something to eat at once.

The smile on the hungry man's face as he received this showed that he perfectly understood the message.



CHURCH.

### "HEARD THE NEWS?"

A LITTLE bird sat on a telegraph wire,  
And said to his mates, "I declare,  
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue  
We 'll all have to sit on the air."

*McLandburgh Wilson.*



Here's a little April Fool  
Who is on her way to school.  
As it's easy for to see by her  
Looks, Looks, Looks.  
And I'd even dare to say  
That she'd rather go and play  
Than to fill her mind with knowledge from her  
Books, Books, Books.





By H. B.

MOST of our young readers know that every color and tint that has ever been, or ever can be, produced, is either red, yellow, or blue, or some combination of these three primary colors. But did you ever stop to think that the outlines of every form or shape or design or pattern or picture, no matter how complicated, is nothing but straight lines or parts of circles?

Partly to gratify the wish to learn to draw in a short time, without much study, a mechanical method of producing different expressions in the human face, based upon the above truth, is here suggested. But, besides the amusement and entertainment to be derived from it, girls and boys will find that a little familiarity with the use of what I call the "mechanical alphabet" will give them some definite knowledge of facial expression. Whenever you hear some one say, "I cannot draw even a straight line," you may with a pencil, ruler, and paper prove how mistaken is the person who makes such an assertion.

If you place the ruler upon the paper, the line drawn along the edge of the ruler must necessarily be straight. Do not think the use of the compass and rule inartistic. Question any professional artist upon this subject, and he will most likely tell you that he uses any methods by which he can best accomplish his purpose. If he wants a perfectly straight line or a perfectly true circle, he will use the ruler or compasses to make it.

But some of you may think it impossible to draw a picture using only straight lines and circles. More can be done with the aid of a

pair of compasses and a ruler than you will believe until you have experimented. We may *think* we cannot do a certain thing, but we do not *know* that we cannot until we have made the attempt, and failed.

"Faith, an' I don't know; I niver thried!" exclaimed Paddy, when asked if he could play the fiddle.

We may laugh at Paddy's conceit, but if we were not so easily frightened out of trying, we would accomplish more than we do.

Many an artist has lived and died without touching a brush or a pencil; many a poet has plodded through life working over accounts or at the work-bench; many a musician has lived a barren, uneventful life because the technical skill to bring out his greatest possibilities has not been acquired. But do not suppose that any one can, without hard work, reach an exalted position in art.

The would-be art student who says, "I do not expect to learn to paint great pictures, but I should like to be able to sketch 'free-hand' well enough to dash off something brilliant and telling," does not know of the years of hard labor, careful study, and close application that have enabled the artist to produce those telling, hasty little sketches.

Nevertheless, the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, by following the instructions here given, can all learn to draw well enough to afford amusement to themselves and others.

As a first step toward making the outline of a head, draw two straight lines with the aid of your ruler, crossing each other at right angles.

(See Fig. 1, Diagram A.) Next take your compasses, and with the point on the spot where the two lines cross at D, and with the pencil (or pen) point of the compasses starting from the horizontal line at B, draw a half-circle up-

Rub out all the superfluous lines used in the construction, first drawing a horizontal line across the figure at exactly half the distance from A to I (Fig. 6). This is called the median line, and it would run horizontally through the eyes; the nose is placed at about half the distance from eyes to chin, and the mouth a little nearer to

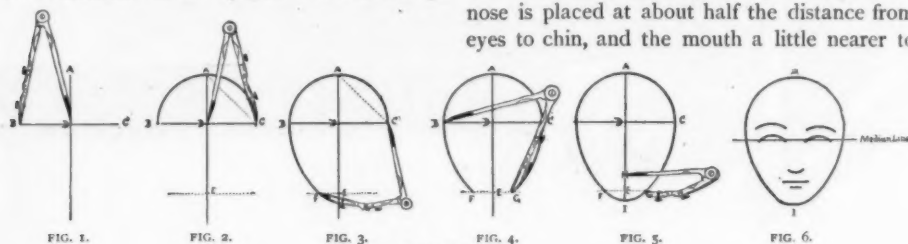


DIAGRAM A.

ward across the vertical line until it touches the horizontal line again at C, as shown in Fig. 2. This will give the top of the head. To draw the sides, take the distance AC with the compasses, and lay it off downward from point D

the nose than to the chin. Having the outline of a head, let us fill in the features in their positions.

The alphabet of expression is a system of lines, made with rule and compasses, which, when placed in proper position on the face



DIAGRAM B. AN ALPHABET OF EXPRESSION.

on the vertical line, and it will give you D E. At E draw a line parallel with B C. Now, with a radius C B draw the curved line B F (Fig. 3), which completes one side of the head. The other side is similarly drawn, by taking B as a center, and with the same radius, drawing

oval, represent the features and the lines of the face by which you are enabled at once to express the different emotions.

The same letters may be put to different uses, as shown by the following:

For the eyebrows the letters A B C D and E;

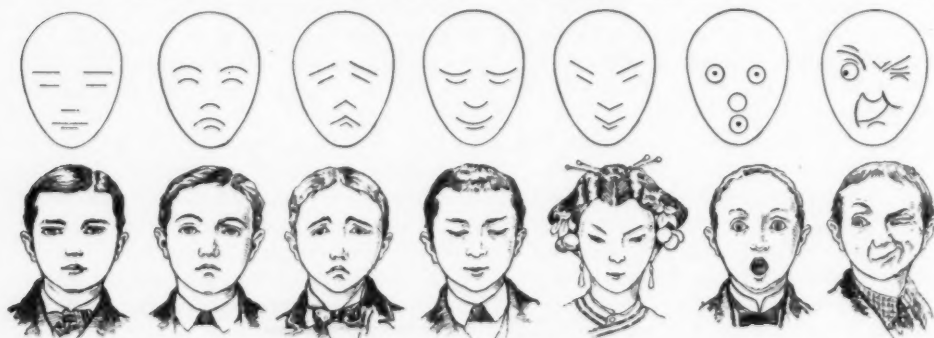


DIAGRAM C, SHOWING THE ALPHABET OF EXPRESSION IN OUTLINES AND IN FINISHED DRAWINGS.

the arc C G (Fig. 4). To make the lower part, or chin, lay off, on the vertical line, E H equal to E F (Fig. 5), and with H as a center and a radius H F, draw the arc F I G, and the head, or rather the face oval, will be finished.

for the eyes the letters G H I J K L M N and X; for the nose the letters G H I M N P and R; for the mouth the letters A B C L O Q and X. For the lines of the cheeks extending from the nose to the corners of the mouth the letters S T U

v y and z are used; f is used as a line on the forehead between the brows; w is the eyeball.

When drawing in this alphabet be careful to keep the relative lengths of the eyebrows, eyes, nose, and mouth. One example will be enough to explain the arrangement of the letters, or features, on the face. For this purpose we will use Fig. 3, in Diagram D — a jolly face. Here you will find b and b are the eyebrows, l and l the eyes, with the eyeball w in the center of each. Under each eye, to represent the elevation of

head in which the general character and directions of the governing lines have been preserved.

Diagrams D and E are given to show some of the different emotions that can be expressed, or rather how the expression of the different emotions may be represented by certain arrangements of the alphabet in the face oval, combining some of those shown in Diagram C; and further to show what a decided change of expression a very little alteration of the direction



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

DIAGRAM D.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

the cheeks when laughing, is placed the curved line n; i is the nose and c the mouth; for the under lip i is again used, and under this we find n, the upper curve of the chin, which helps to express the emotion; while the cheek-lines extending from each side of the nose and touching each corner of the mouth are represented by s and t.

From this explanation it will be easy to find the different letters used in all the face ovals shown. It is not always necessary to follow

of even two lines will make. For instance, in Diagram D compare Fig. 1 with Fig. 2, and Fig. 4 with Fig. 5. It will be seen that although only the direction (not the character of the lines) of the brows is altered, the expressions are radically different.

The anatomy of all faces is similar, the same muscles are present in all, and in all faces the same muscles are limited to the same movements. Now, although great masters in art will undoubtedly tell you that the representation of



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

DIAGRAM E.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

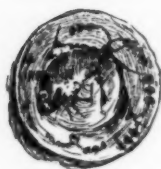
exactly the letters here given, as, for instance, c i and n can often be used interchangeably.

In the upper part of Diagram C the features in each separate figure are made with lines all of one character. Those in Fig. 1 are composed entirely of horizontal lines; in Fig. 2 of raised curves; in Fig. 3 of depressed lines and angles; in Fig. 4 of down curves; in Fig. 5 of lines and angles; while those in Fig. 6 are represented by circles only. To show that this system, when carried out, gives a definite character to the face, over a tracing of each one of the figures in Diagram C there has been made a sketch of a

expressions is only arrived at through the feeling of the artist, and is too subtle a matter to be put into any set of rules, yet the fact remains that the expression of emotion is produced by the movements of the muscles of the face, and that these muscles and their movements are limited. Therefore, if a boy with a keen mind and a thorough knowledge of anatomy would study the different expressions of the face excited by the different emotions, he would find that such rules as are here given would at least be of considerable assistance to him in learning to draw.

## Noah's Ark.

Oh bring my Noah's Ark to me ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dee !  
The beasts are all asleep I see ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dee !



We'll wake them up, and make them play ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the da !  
And bears shall growl , and nags shall neigh ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the da !



Lions and leopards , and camels come ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dum !  
Some I like , and I don't like some ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the dum !

Horse and hound , and cat and crow ,  
Fol the diddle , and fol the do !  
Into your Noah's Ark you go ;  
Fol the diddle , and fol the do !

## A RACE AND A RESCUE.\*

BY ELEANOR GATES.

"WHAT 'RE you doin' under there?" asked the biggest brother, looking beneath the canopied bed, where the little girl was lying on her back, her feet braced at right angles to the loose board slats above her.

There was no answer, but the broad counterpane of bright calico squares that, by its heaving, had betrayed her presence, became suddenly still.

"Because," continued the biggest brother, "I 'm goin' to the station this afternoon with the blue mare and the buckboard. And if you are n't doin' anything and want to go along, just slide out and meet me on the corn road."

He exchanged his gingham jumper for a coat at the elk antlers in the entry, and left the house. When his whistle was swallowed up by the barn, the little girl crept stealthily from her hiding-place, changed her apron, and, under cover of the kitchen, hurried eastward to the oat-field. Having gained it, she turned north, crouching low as she ran.

When the buckboard rolled along the corn road, the little girl stepped out of the field and climbed to the seat at the driver's side. Neither she nor the biggest brother spoke, but, as the blue mare jogged on, she took the reins from him and chirruped gaily to the horse, with an inward wish that, instead of being in the buckboard, she were free of it and on the blue mare's back. The mare made poor progress when she was hitched between shafts, since she was not a trotter, and reached her best gait under a saddle. But this was known to the little girl alone, for the big brothers never went faster than a canter, and would have scolded her if they had guessed how rapidly, on each trip to the station, the horse was ridden.

The little girl usually started for town in the early afternoon, as the biggest brother had that

day. In this way the local passenger-train passed her, going east, when the trip was half over. As the engine came in sight, the little girl urged the mare to a slow gallop, and, as the cow-catcher got abreast, gave her a sharp cut that sent her forward beside the train. And so swift was the high-strung horse that she was never left behind until a long stretch of road had been covered. The little girl liked best, however, to start the race at the outer edge of the broad meadow that lay west of the station, because, by acquiring speed before the engine came on a line with her, she could ride up to the depot with the rear car.

The almost daily brush with the train was seemingly as much enjoyed by the blue mare as by her rider. With the engine's roar in her ears and its smoke in her nostrils, she sped on, neck and neck with the iron horse. When the train was still far behind she would begin to curvet and take the bit between her teeth. After the first few contests, she needed no whip. The little girl had only to slacken the reins and let her go, and she would scamper into the station, covered with dust and foam from her flashing eyes to her flying feet.

While the little girl was thinking over her exciting rides, the biggest brother had turned in his seat and was mournfully looking back at the farm. The year had been a disastrous one. The hot air of a chinook had swept the prairies in the late winter, thawing all the drifts except those in sheltered gullies, and giving a false message to the sleeping ground.

Lack of moisture had stunted the growing crops, the sun had baked the ground under them, and every stem and blade had been scorched.

Around the fields the brittle grass sloped down to the shrinking sloughs, where the muskrat houses stood high and dry, stranded on the

\* See page 574.



cracked swamp-beds like beached boats. The river, for weeks a wide-spread, muddy stream, was now but a chain of trickling pools. Drought was abroad with its withering hand, and the landscape lay bared and brown.

But frost, sun, and winds had not been the only scourges. Potato-bugs had settled upon the long patch that was bordered by the reservation road; cutworms had destroyed all the melons; cabbage-lice and squash-bugs had besieged the garden, attended by caterpillars; and grasshoppers by the millions had hopped across the farm, devouring as they went and leaving disaster behind them.

The hot wind that bent the stunted grass beside the road reminded the biggest brother of every catastrophe of the year, and he cried out angrily to it. "Oh, blow! blow! blow!" he scolded, and, reaching over, gave the blue mare a slap with the reins to relieve his feelings. It started her into a smart trot, and she soon topped the ridge along which the track ran. Then the little girl headed her toward the station.

"It only needs a fire to finish the whole thing up," said the biggest brother, ruefully eying the prairie. "The country's as dry as tinder. And our place is n't plowed around half well enough. If a blaze should happen to come down on us"—he shook his head gravely.

As if in answer to his words, there came from behind them a gust of hot air that carried with it the smell of burning grass. He faced to the rear with an exclamation of alarm and, shading his face, peered back along the rails. "Catch that?" he asked excitedly. "There is a fire somewhere; it's behind us. And the wind's in the west!"

The little girl sprang to her feet, the buckboard still going, and also looked behind. "Why, I can see smoke," she said.

She pointed to where a dark haze, like shattered thunder-clouds, was rising from the skyline.

"It's been set by that confounded engine," declared the biggest brother. He seized the reins and brought the blue mare to a stop.

The little girl stood upon the seat, holding his hand to steady herself. "Don't you think

we'd better drive home?" she questioned anxiously.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "Seems to me that the smoke's gettin' thicker awful fast. We don't notice it much because the sun's so bright. But it's hardly more'n eight or ten miles away, and comin' like the mischief. It could make the farm ahead of us. We'll just get on to the back-fire at the station and keep from gettin' singed."

They sat silent for a moment. Then the biggest brother turned about and clucked to the blue mare. But the little girl continued to squint against the sun until, in descending into a draw, the black haze behind was lost to view.

The biggest brother kept the blue mare at a good gait, and the road, with its narrow strip of weedy grass down the center, flew by under the bouncing buckboard. Soon the long, gradual incline leading up from the ravine was climbed. At its top, on a high bench, the horse halted for breath. Both the biggest brother and the little girl at once rose to their feet. As they did so they uttered a cry.

A moving wall of animals, that stretched far to north and south, could be seen heading swiftly toward them from beyond the river bluffs. They heard the sound of thousands of hoofs, like the ceaseless roll of dulled drums, and across the black level of the wall they saw a bank of smoke, into which leaped tongues of flame.

Without losing a second, the biggest brother began to urge on the blue mare. The black-snake whip was missing from its place in the buckboard, so he used the ends of the reins. He saw that the wind, which had been brisk all day, was now redoubled in strength, increased by another that found its source in the advancing fire. He wondered if he had not better unhitch and let the horse carry them both, abandoning the buckboard to its fate on the road. Yet he feared to lose any time, and, reflecting that perhaps the spirited creature would refuse to carry the two, he decided to hurry on without making the change. As the mare responded to the rein ends, something like a prayer moved his dry, firm-set lips. For he knew that they

were threatened not only by a conflagration, but by a mad stampede.

"The local will be along in about half an hour," said the little girl, speaking for the first time since their dread discovery. "Do you think the fire will stop it?"

The biggest brother laughed uneasily. "No," he replied, "it 'll go right through the fire; but the cattle will pitch it off the track if they get in front of it."

The little girl faced around to watch the oncoming rout, and the biggest brother renewed his urging of the blue mare. But he was not satisfied with the horse's speed. She was acting strangely, wavering from side to side as if she were anxious to turn, at the same time keeping her head high and whinnying nervously.

"You know what 's comin'," the biggest brother said to her between his teeth; "and you 'd go back if I 'd let you."

With a shout the little girl called his attention from the mare. He turned to look in the direction of her shaking finger. What he saw blanched his dripping face. From a point on the prairie where he knew the farm-house stood were ascending several dense, black funnels!

The line of flying animals had now crossed the farm. The blaze seemed to be at the very flanks of the herd, licking up the dry weeds and grass from under their speeding feet. The biggest brother groaned as his eye swept the oncoming panic.

He forgot for a moment the danger to those at home and the terrible loss that, doubtless, had been visited upon them, in the thought of the impending fate of himself and the little girl. "They 'll be plump on us in no time," he muttered, and, kneeling at the dashboard, he again urged the mare with voice and whip.

A bare three miles ahead lay the meadow beyond which was the town and safety. The thundering host behind, at the rate it was coming, would catch them before they reached it.

In a terribly short space the stampede rushed up the bench and came on, a dense mass, horn-ing and shouldering wildly. It was soon so close that the horses could be distinguished from the cattle. Then it gained on the buck-

board to such an extent that the little girl could make out, through the smoke and dust that whirled before it, animals that she knew. But they were changed. Was that old Kate, the cultivator mare, with bulging eyes and lolling tongue? And that young Liney, the favorite daughter of a well-loved mother? And that Napoleon's dusky son, Dan, near the rails? Even above the sound of their feet and the roar of the fire, she could hear them bawling from weariness and fear as they charged ruthlessly on toward the buckboard.

The blue mare was failing in her stride and acting more obstinately than ever. Now to the right, now to the left, she turned, and it was with difficulty that the biggest brother kept her in the road.

Beside him, quiet and brave, sat the little girl. A spot of scarlet showed on either cheek, her eyes were alight, her figure tense. If she felt any terror, she did not show it. She knew how rapidly the blue mare could travel, and she trusted her pet to bring them to safety.

As the buckboard struck the meadow road, the biggest brother gave a hurried glance over his shoulder to see how far behind was the herd. "Never saw so many animals all together in my life," he said. "They 'll trample us sure if they catch us."

A cry burst from him in dismay as a huge, burning tumbleweed, as high as a wagon-wheel and as round, rolled through a gap in the stampede and whirled past them, lighting the grass as it sped. A second and a third followed. Soon a dozen brands had shot forward, heralding the crackling fiend behind. The blue mare shied wildly when the weeds came close, and each time the buckboard almost capsized. She was lagging more than ever, as if waiting for the animals that were not a quarter-mile away.

There was fire all around now, and smoke and cinders floated over the biggest brother and the little girl, choking them and shutting out the view of the road ahead. The wind, as it brushed by, seemed to sear their faces with its torrid breath. And now the flying animals were upon them.

A long-horned steer collided with a hind wheel and a horse came dashing against the

blue mare. The biggest brother guided the buckboard nearer the rails to avoid the horse and reached round to beat with his hat the steer's nose, which was thrust almost against the seat. "They'll trample us, they'll trample us!" he cried, and he seized the little girl about the shoulders and thrust her in front of him. "Drive," he commanded. Then he climbed back over the seat and furiously kicked out at the animals lunging upon the buckboard.

But he could as easily have stopped the pursuing fire, which was in the meadow and was house-high; for, with those in the rear pressing them on at every bound, the leaders could not slacken their course. He saw that there was but one thing to be done: increase the speed before the buckboard was run down. "Oh, why did n't I unhitch?" he cried miserably as he climbed back to the little girl's side.

Forgetful of danger, she was whipping the blue mare with all her strength. The mare was traveling as fast as the herd now, and the station was in sight despite the drifting dust and smoke. Before them lay the black stretch at which the fire must stop, and where, if the blue mare could be brought to a standstill behind a building or a waiting car, there was succor from death. Yet hope—with the herd upon them and the fire closer, hotter, and deadlier—was almost gone. The biggest brother, in a very final frenzy of desperation, joined his efforts to those of the little girl, and pounded the blue mare and the crowding stock repeatedly with his naked fists.

But suddenly another surprise entered into that run for life. The roar behind them became louder, swelled to deafening, and surged to their ears like a long, deep boom of thunder. And then, with a shriek that seemed to divide the smoke and dust, the train plunged through the cloud across her track and came even with the blue mare's muzzle.

In that moment, worn with her five miles' gallop, it was the only thing that could have spurred her on. Her eyes were bulging from lack of breath. Her sides, streaked with lather, no longer responded to the scourge of the rein ends. But, with the engine abreast, the desire to worst it, long nurtured by the little girl, set

her into a wilder pace. With a snort, she gathered herself together.

The buckboard, tossing from side to side on the uneven meadow, gained instantly on the herd and passed to the front once more. The engine had distanced it, yet the blue mare did not slacken. The biggest brother and the little girl, torn between hope and fear, yelled at her encouragingly. Breathing heavily, she strained every muscle to obey.

Another moment and the engine was on the burnt strip; another, and the last car reached it; a third, and the blue mare's feet struck it, and she scurried into the lee of the depot to let the animals behind her divide and charge by through the town.

The biggest brother, as soon as the blue mare had been tenderly cared for, hired a livery horse and started homeward. The little girl accompanied him, her face, like his, still streaked with dust and cinders. Neither spoke as the bare, smutty meadow was crossed. They only looked ahead to where smoke was rising slowly, ten miles away to the west. They were spent with excitement, but their thoughts were on their mother and brothers, the house surrounded by a straw-strewn yard, the line of stacks behind the barn, the board granaries, the fields dry and ready for the match.

At last, with a shout of joy, the biggest brother made out the farm-house; with an unhappy cry he announced the burning of the stacks. And when the buckboard came still nearer, they could see that the granaries were gone, and that all the sod buildings were roofless and open to the blurred sky, while on every side—the corn-field alone breaking the vista—lay the blackened fields.

The reunion was a happy one in spite of the loss of the grain and the buildings.

"Mother," said the biggest brother, patting her shoulder softly, "we've got the house and the farm left, remember. We've got one another, too." He paused a moment. Before he spoke again he gave a little laugh, and all looked up at him in surprise. "What's more," he went on, "there is n't a caterpillar or cucumber-bug or potato-bug or cabbage-louse, and best of all, a plagued grasshopper within a hundred miles!"



"AND THEN, WITH A SHRIEK THAT SEEMED TO DIVIDE THE SMOKE AND DUST, THE TRAIN  
CAME EVEN WITH THE BLUE MARE'S MUZZLE."

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## MY FIRST HAWK'S NEST.

BY ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.



"I SAT DOWN BESIDE THE NEST, AND MY BROTHER  
TOOK MY PHOTOGRAPH." (SEE PAGE 548.)

It was a red-letter day in my bird-nesting experience when I found my first hawk's nest. It was a rainy April afternoon, and I was wading knee-deep in a Connecticut swamp, on the lookout for crows' or hawks' nests in the high trees which towered above me. As I splashed about, with my feet in the water and my eyes on the tree-tops, I caught sight of a mass of dark sticks in the upper part of a tall chestnut-tree. I knew that it was a nest, but whether it belonged to a crow or a hawk, I could not tell at that distance. But on going closer, and looking at it through a field-glass, I could see the tail-feathers of a bird sticking out over the edge; not the black tail-feathers of a crow, but the black-and-white-barred ones of a red-shouldered hawk.

The next question was, how to get up there. The nest was fully sixty feet from the ground, and the first branch was over fifty feet up. But I must at least try, so I threw off my waterproof and started to "shin up." It was very hard work though, for my hands were wet, and the bark was slippery from the rain. I managed to get up about forty feet, and then I decided that I did n't care about seeing any hawk's eggs that day. The tree was so slippery that I could n't get a safe hold, so I was obliged to slide to the ground as best I could. But I was determined to try again on the first fine day. I simply could n't sleep for thinking of those eggs.

So, early on the following Saturday morning, my brother and I set out for the swamp, determined to reach the nest if we could, and, if possible, take a photograph of it. We took with us, besides the camera, a ball of twine, a coil of rope, and a little basket containing our luncheon.

When we reached the tree one of the birds was upon the nest; but presently she flew off, and, alighting on a near-by tree, sat shaking and preening her plumage.

I was dressed for the occasion. I had on a white sweater, a pair of corduroy knickerbockers, and two pairs of thick woolen stock-



ings. The latter precaution will be appreciated by every boy who has scratched his legs shining up a rough tree.

Stuffing the ball of twine into my hip pocket, I was ready for the ascent. My brother good-naturedly stooped down, close to the trunk, and allowed me to mount on his shoulders, and then, straightening to his full height, he lifted me up nearly six feet. I told him he

the angry hawks swept past within an inch of my head. It was lucky for me that I did "hold tight," for had I lost my grip on the tree in the excitement of the moment, there was nothing to save me. Twice again, before I reached the nest, the bird swooped down unpleasantly close to my face.

By the time I reached the first branch I was somewhat out of breath, so I sat down for a



THE HAWK'S NEST AND EGGS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.)

was very good *as far as he went*, and I only wished that he went a little farther. There was now a straight "shin" of about fifty feet, and I went to work. Gripping the bark with my hands, knees, and toes, I gradually hoisted myself up, a foot at a time. I had gone about forty feet when my brother suddenly shouted "hold tight," and the next instant there was a rush of air on my face, as one of

minute or two. In the meantime my brother made ready to take one picture from the ground. I now stood up, and seizing one of the branches above, lifted myself into the nest. There I found two bright-eyed little hawks, covered with soft white down, and two large white eggs, scantily speckled with reddish-brown. The old hawks were sailing in circles far up against the blue, uttering their cry of

*kee-you, kee-you.* I sat down beside the nest, and taking up one of the eggs, held it aloft in my hand. As I did so my brother took my photograph.

Lowering one end of the ball of twine, by the weight of a stick from the hawk's nest, I soon drew up the coil of rope, and then the camera.

Climbing a little higher up, I lashed the camera firmly to a branch, with the lens pointing directly into the nest. I focused it, and then waited patiently for the young hawks to be still. I had expected to photograph eggs only, and had no fast plates with me. But the little rascals kept twisting their heads first in one direction and then in another, until

I was obliged to put them into our lunch-basket and lower them to my brother. I was then able to take the photograph of the nest and eggs, which accompanies this story. After taking the photograph I drew up the basket and replaced the young birds in the nest.

If any of the boys or girls who have read this story would like to see exactly what the baby hawks looked like, they can do so by paying a visit to the Museum of Natural History in New York. There they will find, a little to the right of the Seventy-seventh Street entrance, a glass case containing a group, as natural as life, of red-shouldered hawks, representing the old birds feeding the downy young ones in the nest.

## IN APRIL DAYS.





# APRIL.



## A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

—  
BY CAROLYN WELLS.  
—

THE Donkey is the dumbest beast  
In all the world, from West to East;  
He is as stubborn as a mule,  
Of animals the April Fool.

The stupid donkey has n't brains  
Enough to go in when it rains;  
And that is why, for hours and hours,  
He wanders round in April showers.

So, lest the donkey should catch cold,  
Umbrellas over him I hold;  
And wonder, as I cross the pool,  
Which of us is the April Fool?



OUR Baby sat upon his mother's knee,  
And looked his Book of Animals all through,  
Hailing each picture with a keen delight,  
And naming every animal he knew.

But Baby's names were very strange and queer;  
I fear that naturalists, though wise and grave,



In searching through their books would fail to  
find  
That wondrous list of names the Baby gave.

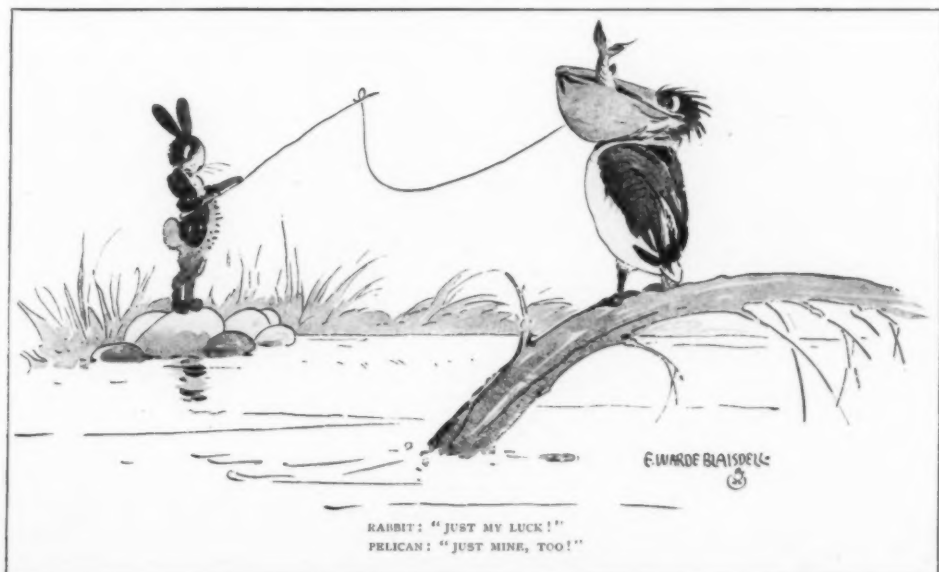
For instance, first he named the bold "Gee-gee";  
Next came a "Hee-haw"; then a small  
"Bow-wow";  
The "Quack-quacks" white in waddling flocks  
were seen,  
While "Cluck-cluck" was pursued by a  
"Meow"!

Beside a "Grunt-grunt" fat a "Moo-moo"  
stood;  
Around were "Cheep-cheeps," and a "Gobble," too;  
While in the distance fed some white "Baa-baas,"  
Perched on a fence stood "Cockadoodle-doo."

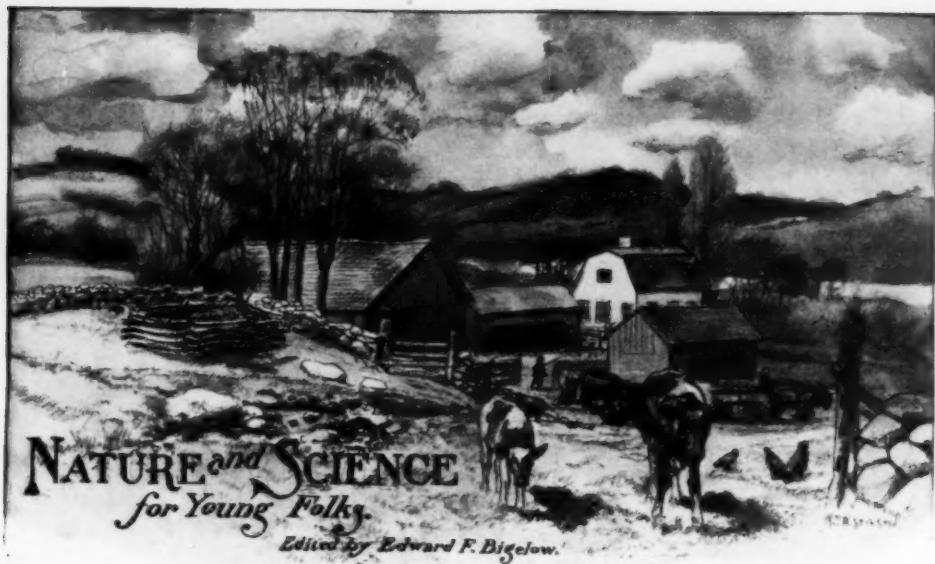
Suppose that Baby, as a circus man,  
Could place these curiosities on view!  
His puzzling posters would attract a crowd  
To see the Quack-quack and the wild Moo-moo;



And all the creatures Baby loves so well  
 Would form in line as if on dress parade,  
 And on our lawn in chorus would unite  
 Their voices in the Baby's serenade!







"Now their attention is turning toward the life of outdoors. And there is a gladness about it that is shared by all creatures, from fowls to horses. The young folks on the farm share in this."

#### GETTING READY FOR SUMMER.

NATURE divides the year into two principal seasons—the hot, that we call summer, with active life; and the cold, that we call winter, with dormant or low activity of life. We have seen (on page 168 of *Nature and Science* for December, 1902) that autumn is a preparer for winter, and that at its close, or in the early part of December, everything is ready for the approaching cold season and the hibernation or "sleep" of plants and animals.

In that part of the year which we call spring, and which is a preface or preparer for the warm weather, we may almost everywhere observe a starting into activity—a getting ready for summer. This is especially true of April. At the farmhouse, in the fields, in the meadows, in the swamps, everything is preparing for warm weather. The barn has been dear to sheep, calves, cattle, horses during the winter, but now their attention is turning toward the life of outdoors. And there



THE FLICKER.

"Now I hear and see him louder and nearer on the top of the long-armed white oak."

is a gladness about it, a gladness that is shared by all creatures, from fowls to horses. The young folks on the farm share in this.

Living things out of doors are becoming joyous, too. Everything in the fields is glad, from the hyla, our "preacher of spring," to the bluebird, the "angel of spring." But it is the flicker that is most clamorous in his happiness. The hyla chatters with a shrill voice; the bluebird—what does he have to say on the subject? Some one has translated it, *Tru-el-ly, tru-el-ly, spring is here.*

But the jubilant flicker! How shall we express his spring joy? Thoreau has succeeded the best in this. Here is his description: "The note of the first flicker . . . is as when a family, your neighbors, return to an empty house after a long absence, and you hear the cheerful hum of voices and the laughter of children, and see the smoke from the kitchen fire. The doors are thrown open, and children go screaming through the hall. So the flicker dashes through the



The bumble-bee has taken possession of a deserted nest of a mouse in the ground. The hornet is gathering weather-beaten wood-fibers from the fence-rail for her nest up in the tree.

aisles of the grove, throws up a window here, and cackles out of it, and then there, airing the house. He makes his voice ring upstairs and downstairs, and so, as it were, fits it for his habitation and ours, and takes possession. It is as good as a house-warming to all nature. Now I hear and see him louder and nearer on the top of the long-armed white oak, sitting very upright, as is their wont, as it were calling to some of his kind that may also have arrived."

A low and harmonious strain to this joyous music of getting ready for summer is added by the insects. Here and there a queen of the hornets that has been "sleeping" in some snug place during the winter is now preparing to start a new nest in the trees, or under the eaves of some old building. The yellow-jackets chime in with a warning *z-z-z-z-z* as they investigate the stumps or the crevices in the wall or the stone-pile in the field. The deep humming that makes you dodge and duck your head is the song of the bumble-bee queen, sailing above the grass, or above the clumps of mosses as she searches for a deserted mouse nest, or some such cool retreat where she may prepare her summer home.



What noble work is plowing, with the broad and solid earth for material, the ox for fellow-laborer, and the simple but efficient plow for tool. Work that is not done in any shop in a cramped position, work that tells, that concerns all men, which the sun shines and the rain falls on, and the birds sing over. You turn over the whole vegetable mold, expose how many grubs, and put a new aspect on the face of the earth! It comes pretty near to making a world; redeeming a swamp does, at any rate. A plowman, we all know, whistles as he drives his team afield.—THOREAU.

Thus everything in nature is happy. Even the farmer and his workmen whistle or sing as they go about the fields and engage in plowing, "fixing fences," or other spring work.

"See what a funny animal that is, that just dodged into the wall. There, he's out again, on that pile of stones under the old tree." "Is n't he villainous-looking! And what an absurd coat!" This strange example of getting-ready-for-summer may often be seen by our young folks who live in the northern part of our country. It is the weasel's changing from the white ermine of winter to the brown of summer. I wonder if he knows how ridiculous he looks with neither a winter nor a summer coat, but a sort of "between-seasons" coat. But we'll excuse him, for we're all getting ready for summer.

Yes, even our goldfinch among the alder-catkins is pulling out the last of his winter feathers. Now he is to have a bright yellow in place of that soiled brownish white underneath. This is the "change that transforms the bird from a



"THE GOLDFINCH AMONG THE ALDER-CATKINS IS PULLING OUT THE LAST OF HIS WINTER FEATHERS."



THE WEASEL.

In summer the weasel's fur is a peculiar shade of soft, reddish-brown, and in spring and fall the blending of white with brown gives a curiously pied and mottled appearance, the tail at such times being divided in sections of brown, white, and black.—*American Animals.*

somber Puritan into the gayest of cavaliers, and seems wonderfully to exalt his spirit."

Our young people will recall that the bobolink also makes a very conspicuous change of coat for spring and early summer:

Look, what a nice new coat is mine;  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

But bobolink changes his coat in South America or in the West Indies before coming North. A few goldfinches, however, remain all winter in the North, and of these winter residents we may watch the spring changing of coats. But this is all in harmony with the season—many changes, but all is life, newness, promise, and happiness.

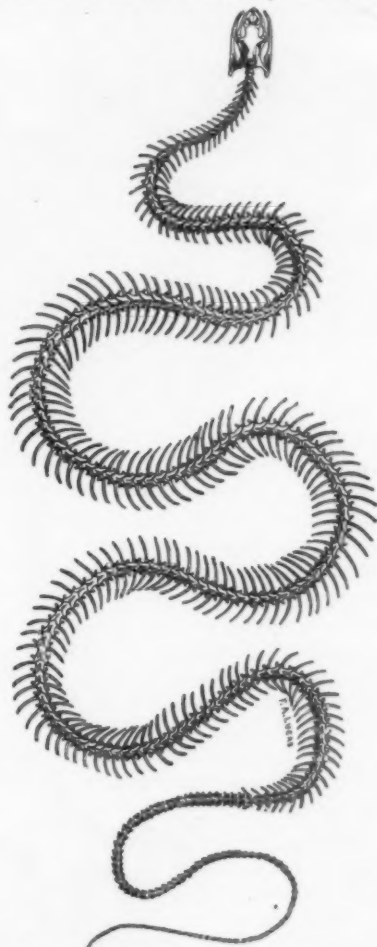
### WHAT SNAKES DO WITH THEIR RIBS.

No doubt many of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, during their excursions to field and forest this spring and summer, will come upon some of our many harmless snakes. If the readers are girls, they very likely will scream and run away; if boys, they probably will try to kill the snake, which is a poor return for the good it is doing by catching insects and field-mice. But do any of you ever wonder how it is that a snake can run so quickly without legs, or do you stop to watch one gliding almost imperceptibly along without any visible means of locomotion? For, without having either hands or feet, a snake can swim, run, and climb better than some animals provided with four good legs. This so impressed the great English anatomist Richard Owen that he wrote: "It is true that the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, . . . and spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing."

Now any one who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as ten hundred and fifty pairs. In these lies the secret of the ability of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of a snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward, it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches on the ground or whatever object his snakeship may be resting on, and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead. If any one will watch a snake closely when doing this he will see little ripples, as it were, run along the body, carried by the moving of the ribs. Better still, if he will let a snake crawl through his closed hand this motion can be very plainly felt. It is in this way that a snake climbs directly up a tree, the scales catching on the little inequalities of the bark; but, sometimes in order to get a better

hold, the body is bent back and forth into the shape of several letter S's joined together. One observer has even recorded that in this manner a black snake performed the apparently impossible feat of climbing some distance up the corner of a house.

When a snake is in a hurry he moves by



SKELTON OF A SNAKE, SHOWING THE RIB-BONES.

throwing the body into a series of curves, the ribs propelling, while the scales on the under side prevent the creature from slipping backward. If placed on a plate of glass, where there is little hold for the scales, it is somewhat difficult for a snake to crawl.

Other things, too, some snakes do with their ribs. All are familiar with the pictures of the



THE COBRA-DE-CAPELLO.

The hooded or spectacled snake, of the most venomous nature, found abundantly in hot countries of Asia, especially in India.

East Indian cobra with the curious hood just back of its head; but those who have seen the snake alive know that when quiet there is no sign of the hood. It is just the same with our little blowing-viper—which is n't a viper at all, but one of the most inoffensive of snakes: unless he is trying to frighten some one, his body is round and not flattened. Both the cobra, whose hood is a deadly threat, and the blowing-viper, whose wicked look is mere pretense, put on their threatening appearance in the same way. Each, but more noticeably the cobra, has a number of ribs which are much longer than the others, and when these long ribs are pulled forward their free ends press against the sides of the body until it is stretched out wide and flat, and the snake looks as big and wicked as he can.

And thus it is that snakes make use of their ribs to get along in the world and to frighten their enemies.

F. A. LUCAS.

Our readers will remember that last month Professor Lucas told how a snake uses its ribs in swimming. See page 460 of the March number. I have found the little garter snakes the most convenient to watch.—E. F. B.



THE BLOWING-VIPER.

Sometimes called the hog-nosed snake.

#### WEALTH FOR THE ROOTS.

WORKMEN were digging a ditch and laying a drain-pipe near the sidewalk under the old elm.

"What 's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble enough for me," replied the owner of the premises; "but luxury and happiness for this old elm."

"See," said one of the workmen, holding up a dense mass of tiny roots woven around and through a strip of the oakum packed between the joints of the pipe. And then he explained that usually the fine roots are scattered through the dry soil, but a few, having found a tiny hole in the pipe-joint, went in for food and drink. "They found a grand thing—as they viewed



THE CURVED STRIP OF OAKUM AND THE CLUMP OF ROOTS BELOW IT.

it," he said; "then they stayed, and invited their friends to come in."

"Yes," said the foreman, in a wise sort of way; "the elm was like some people: it overdid the matter—it stopped up the pipe and cut off its own source of supply; but it made a job for us, so why should we complain?"

"Will you give me the bunch of roots?"

"Yes; but what in the world do you want them for?" he laughingly inquired.

"To show their photograph to St. NICHOLAS young folks, and for the same reason that you have shown them to everybody who has passed by. What a great effort the tree makes to get food and a drink of water! We are interested in this curious enterprise of the old elm."



## "WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

### SPARROW EATING ON SLANTING ROOF.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a bright little sparrow which I saw last winter. Part of the house next to us has a flat roof, and there is a hole where an old drain-pipe used to be which is very near

the slanting part. One day I was sitting by the window, and I saw a little bird disappear into the hole. This roused my curiosity, and I watched him for a long time. Very soon I saw him reappear with some bread, which he commenced to eat. But, foolish birdie, he would take a little nip and then put it down on the slanting roof, so of course it would fall down; then he would go up again and get some more, and he kept on like that until he had gotten a good meal.

In the winter I always throw bread out on the veranda roof for the sparrows. If there is snow it gets just covered with their little footprints; if not, you can hear the patter of their little feet on the tin roof. At first they are very shy, but after a while they get so tame they come the minute I raise the window, and sometimes they come before, and look around as much as to say, "Our breakfast is late this morning."

I enjoy you so much, and always read every word of you.

Your devoted reader,

ALICE I. COMPTON (age 14).

### THE LUNA-MOTH.

PALMYRA, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We send you the drawing of a moth which we found, and of which we would like to know the name and habits. It was a beautiful green color, tinged with yellow. The costa is dark purple, shading to pink on the wings.

Yours truly,

FRANCES AND ALONZO WHITE.

This is the luna, a magnificent moth. It is a favorite with collectors. The larva feeds on the leaves of various forest-trees.

In Julia P. Ballard's "Moths and Butterflies" she tells of a beautiful luna-moth given her by a friend. This moth laid more than thirty eggs. The larvæ hatched out. She fed them on walnut leaves in a barrel, where later



### GOOD OBSERVATIONS OF TURTLES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The painted turtles are the most interesting kind that I have kept as pets, for they are not so shy as the others, and are easily tamed. At Chocorua, New Hampshire, where we spend the summers, we live near the lake, where there are a great many painted and also a few snapping turtles. My sister once found a sculptured turtle in the woods, but I think it is too far north for the box and spotted turtles.

The painted turtles are fond of sunning themselves on logs and floating boards. You find them also near the shore where a great many dead leaves have fallen into the water. They lie in the leaves, with only their heads above water. The small ones are not very common, but I once found one as small as a fifty-cent piece. You sometimes see them sitting on lily-pads.

When a turtle is swimming it puts its head above



water every few minutes, and at a distance, unless you see it moving, it looks exactly like a water-lily bud. From a boat it is very easy to catch the turtles in a dip-net. They never go far out from shore.

When first caught a painted turtle draws his head in and out, and makes a hissing sound, and attempts to bite. These turtles almost always have two or three small leeches on the legs or under shell, which are easily scraped off.

We used to keep the turtles in a pen through which ran a small stream. When the turtles became used to the pen and to people, they would swim up and take food from our hands. They always went into the water to eat it. They do not seem able to swallow without water. They eat fish and meat, raw or cooked, but prefer it raw. They are very fond of grasshoppers, flies, and angleworms, but will never eat live minnows.

On some hot days the stream in the turtle-pen dried up. We put in a small tub full of water, with a board

leading up to it. The turtles discovered it immediately, and walked up the board, slid into the water, swam round two or three times, and then tumbled out over the edge, only to do the same thing over and over again. If they happened to fall on their backs they could soon turn over again. It is only large, heavy turtles that cannot. The turtles never seemed to pay any attention to each other; they swam and walked right over one another.

If a turtle got out of the pen he would find his way straight back to the lake. We caught the same ones over and over again, as we could tell by the initials cut into their shells.

We kept some turtles all one winter in a box of earth in a cold room in the house. There was a pan of water in one corner of the box. They dug holes in the earth and stayed there most of the time, but occasionally went into the water. They ate nothing from the middle of November until the end of March.

The spotted turtles are very shy, and it is a long time before they get tame enough to eat food from your hands. I have caught them in slow-moving streams and small pools. They eat just what the painted turtles do, and never attempt to bite. Twice in the

spring I have found a spotted turtle in the back yard, and have known of other people finding them in theirs.

We took three spotted turtles to New Hampshire, and let them go in the lake, but we never saw them again.

One summer our coachman found an enormous snapping-turtle in the road.

He turned him on his back, where the turtle remained until he got a wheel-barrow to carry him home in. The turtle snapped and bit so fiercely that it was thought dangerous to let him go, so he was shot.


Once I saw two big snapping-turtles engaged in a fierce battle. It was out in deep water, and when we came upon them their heads were marked from the deep bites they had given each other, and the skin was badly torn. After watching a few moments I took an oar and struck one of them three times hard upon the back before he paid any attention. Then they separated and went to the bottom.

Near Boston we once found a sculptured turtle. He was sitting on the edge of a small pond. I walked up to him, thinking he would scramble into the water. To my surprise, he remained motionless, and I picked him up. Then I discovered that he was blind in the eye nearest me. We took him home, and he became quite tame, eating food from our hands. He very seldom got into the water, and always ate his food on land. Once he escaped and was gone two or three days before he returned to the pen. He stayed a few days, and then disappeared.

A MUCH APPRECIATED SUBSTITUTE FOR A SWIMMING-POND.

"The turtles discovered it immediately, and walked up the board, slid into the water, swam around two or three times, and then tumbled out over the edge, only to do the same thing over and over again."





I have seen very few box-turtles. They are different from other turtles, because they have a hinge on the lower shell so that it can shut up close to the upper shell, with the head inside.


I have never happened to find any turtles' eggs, although I have hunted for them.

From your sincere reader,  
ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (age 16).

The writer of this letter was awarded a prize for these observations, because they showed a desire to learn, the power to see with the brain as well as with the eyes, and persistence. Our young folks will please note this last word—persistence. That means something. When some of our young observers first read the offer for best turtle observations, they went at once to swamps or brooks, obtained one or more specimens, and, after watching them a short time, sent a letter to the department telling what they had seen. It would seem, except for such letters, needless to suggest that you cannot get acquainted with turtles or with anything else in a few moments or without effort.

April is one of the best months in which to observe turtles. You can then easily watch them in their native homes or catch them to keep as pets. I have found the spotted, the painted, and the box turtles the most interesting, and the easiest to care for.

Keep them in a box with earth and a pan of water in the bottom, or in a little pen on the ground, made of wire netting, perhaps in some shady place in the back yard. A constant supply of water is more important than food to the turtles. But they should be fed occasionally. If you have a pen in the yard, a convenient method of keeping the water is to sink a tub or even a pail in the ground.



"When a turtle is swimming it puts its head above water every few minutes, and at a distance, unless you see it moving, it looks exactly like a water-lily bud."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL."

BY VERA E. CLARK, AGE 14.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MABEL C. STARK, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

A SHOWER of rain is dashing now  
Against the window-pane,  
The wind is moaning o'er the roofs,  
And spring has come again.  
The maple-buds are scarcely swelled,  
Yet soon will burst in flowers  
As down upon the grasses green  
Come bonny April showers.

And where the violet and the white  
Anemone should bloom  
The snowy drifts are melting fast;  
'T is surely winter's doom!  
And in the sloping dells the brooks  
Are babbling as they run,  
And on their banks the flowers will turn  
Their faces to the sun.

For sunny April at the most  
Has but to smile or weep,  
And nature, at her magic touch,  
Awakens from her sleep.  
So April with her warmth and life  
Revives the sleeping spring,  
And round the forest oak the vines  
Of creeping ivy cling.

THE League editor is afraid that "bonny April" who spent a great deal of thought and care over their will bring disappointment to those talented members drawings and poems and stories, and then forgot to

sign them, or to put on their ages, or addresses, or parent's indorsement. At least a dozen very excellent contributions were regretfully put aside this month because, for one reason or another, they were not "within the rules." Of course there were plenty left, for the April competition was popular and brought out a great deal of new talent, besides many good things from old friends. Only it does seem too bad that a really good contribution should not be used, or even put on the "Roll of Honor No. 1," just because the sender has been careless about the rules. More than once this month the editor had grown quite enthusiastic over some piece of work only to find that it could not be used. Then he felt as if he had been April fooled.



"MIDWINTER." BY C. P. JAMES, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

Speaking of April fools, does any reader of the present day remember an April 1 when President Roosevelt rode up to the Capitol steps on a bronco? Of course he could not have been President at that time, nor perhaps dream that he ever would be. Yet the incident would seem to have been almost an omen, if one could but recall the details. The editor does not remember, for instance, as to any wager, or where the bronco could have been obtained. Perhaps some bright reader will come to the rescue.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 40.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Cash prize, **Mabel C. Stark** (age 14), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Gold badge, **Katharine Van Dyck** (age 13), Greenville, Greene Co., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elsie Lyde Eaton** (age 17), Box 221, Collinsville, Conn., **May Lewis Close** (age 16), 209 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Gerald Jackson Pyle** (age 9), Carcroft, Del.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Grace L. Hollaman** (age 14), 936 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Agnes Dorothy Campbell** (age 13), Monmouth, Polk Co., Ore.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Hissey** (age 13), 131 O'Neil St., Zanesville, O., and **Mary Underhill** (age 11), 41 Summit Ave., Brighton, Mass.

**Drawing.** Gold badges, **Verna E. Clark** (age 14), 401 S. A. St., Arkansas City, Kan., **A. Brooks Lister** (age 9), 103 E. Mt. Airy St., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa., and **Mark Curtis Kinney** (age 15), 208 N. Mulberry St., Mt. Vernon, O.

Silver badges, **Fanny C. Storer** (age 15), 418 S. 6th St., Goshen, Ind., **Frances Keeline** (age 13), 618 S. 7th St., Council Bluffs, Ia., and **Margaret Winthrop Peck** (age 12), 234 Summer St., Bristol, Conn.

**Photography.** Cash prize, **C. P. James** (age 14), 248 E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

Gold badge, **Austin B. Mason** (age 16), 347 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Rosalie Day** (age 12), Catskill, N. Y., and **Ruth Helen Brierley** (age 14), Box 220, Easthampton, Mass.

**Wild-animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Bear," by **Samuel Hoar, Jr.** (age 15), Concord, Mass. Second prize, "Painted Turtle," by **Stanley Cobb** (age 15), Adams St., Milton, Mass. Third prize, "Opossum," by **Cornelia L. Carey** (age 12), Box 956, Orange, N. J.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Katharine H.**

**Wead** (age 16), 1620 15th St., Washington, D. C., and **Marion E. Senn** (age 13), Forestville, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Marion Lane** (age 14), Honesdale, Pa., and **Neil A. Cameron** (age 10), Sylvania, Pa.

**Puzzle-answers.** Cash prize, **Hugh Cameron** (age 12), Sylvania, Pa.

Gold badges, **Marjorie Anderson** (age 10), 603 Wayne St., Sandusky, O., and **Mary R. Bacon** (age 14), 2429 1st Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **William Richard McKey Very** (age 11), 28 Monadnock Rd., Newton Center, Mass., and **Tyler H. Bliss** (age 12), 43 Prince St., W. Newton, Mass.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY KATHARINE VAN DYCK (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

UNPLEASANT showers have fallen fast within the house to-day;  
They were not cool, refreshing showers, but just the other way—  
Showers of hot and salty tears, which hid the sun from view,  
That made the face on which they fell look dark and dismal too.

One shower fell, caused by a top that could n't be made to spin;  
The second, resulting from a sum, was worse than the first had been.

The rest were very similar, and every single one  
Was caused by something else that could n't or really  
must be done.

Meanwhile, outdoors the sun on high is shining warm and bright;  
The first wild flowers are budding, birds sing with all their might;

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARK CURTIS KINNEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



"MIDWINTER." BY AUSTIN B. MASON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FRANCES KERLINE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

But oh, how gloomy in the house, and how the nurse-maid glowers, Because one naughty little boy permits so many showers!

#### A REAL COWARD.

BY GRACE L. HOLLAMAN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

It was a dull, rainy day in January. Harry Hastings was wandering about the house, closely followed by his inseparable companion, "Bob." Bob was a black-and-tan terrier of great intelligence. The little pair sauntered into the parlor. Harry commenced to examine some forbidden treasures on a low mahogany table. Particularly did he admire a glass boat. Bob, meanwhile, trotted round, exploring the room. Well he knew he was on forbidden ground; but then, one can hardly expect a dog to mind, when his master sets such a bad example. Harry finally became so interested in the boat that he took it in his hands for closer inspection. Hearing a noise in the hall, he started; so the pretty boat fell to the floor and broke in pieces. Harry stood a moment, aghast at the result of his mischief. Then, hastily running to the door, he closed it behind him and went upstairs, leaving Bob shut in the parlor. If any one went in the parlor and found Bob there, they would think he knocked the boat over. Harry's thoughts were anything but

pleasant that afternoon. First he tried to read; but the word "coward" seemed printed on every page. Then he went and sat on the stairs to see if any one went in the parlor. The clock seemed to say, as it ticked, "coward," "cow-ard," over and over again. At last the evening came, and Harry ate his supper, and tried to forget Bob in the cold, dark parlor with nothing to eat. He had

just started to prepare for bed when he heard a great commotion downstairs. Servants were opening and shutting doors, and his father was saying, "That naughty dog shall be whipped. Soon Harry heard the howls of Bob, who was getting punishment he did not deserve. That was all Harry could bear. Down the stairs he dashed, and burst into the library, crying, "I won't be a coward, father! It was n't Bob. I broke the boat."

His father took him in the room and they had along talk. When he had finished he carried him up to his bed. As Harry dropped off to sleep, his last conscious thought was, "I ought to write a story about my being a coward, for this month's prize contribution."

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY GERALD JACKSON PYLE (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

At April's birth the blue-birds sing,  
And robins at the dawn's;  
The while comes softly through the trees  
The sunshine on the lawns.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FANNY C. STORER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



The showers patter on the leaves  
And glisten on the corn;  
And all the world is happy now,  
For April fair is born.

#### A COWARD INDIAN.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL  
(AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

BEFORE Oregon was even a Territory, and long before it reached the dignity of a State, my great-grandfather came across the plains with his family, and settled on what afterward became his donation land claim in the Willamette Valley.

That was in the year 1844, and the wolves, coyotes, black bears, and Indians were ever present, while wild game abounded.

Often the men would go hunting, and leave great-grandmother alone with her two daughters Elizabeth and Anne.

The cabin in which they lived stood at the top of a steep though not very high hill.

One day, while the men were all gone, about twenty-five or thirty Indians came filing in, and sat in a silent circle before the great open fire in the front room.

Elizabeth was told to watch and see that none of the weapons were molested.

These Indians were friendly but very curious, and the chief, who was more curious than the rest, presently rose slowly from his place in the center of the circle, and, going over to the door, reached above it for the gun upon the rack, saying:

"Tica nanich gun," which means, "Want look gun."

Elizabeth ran quickly to the other room.

"Mother, mother," she cried, "the chief's got the gun; come quick!"

When great-grandmother heard that, she seized a forked stick used as a pitchfork, and ran toward the chief, crying, "Mica clatawa hiac!" or, in other words, "You go quick!" And the chief, seeing my grandmother coming, was so surprised that he did go quick out of the house, over the fence and down the hill, with great-grandmother after him.

His companions, instead of being angry at this insult to their chief, stood in the doorway of the cabin and laughed at him, and for the rest of his days called him "Squaw Man," because he was coward enough to let a "white squaw" chase him.

But the Indians never bothered the weapons again.



"BEAR." BY SAMUEL HOAR, JR., AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"PAINTED TURTLE." BY STANLEY COBB, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"OPOSSUM." BY CORNELIA L. CAREY, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY ELSIE LYDE EATON (AGE 17).

(Silver Badge.)

SHOWERS are seldom wanted  
By little girls and boys;  
But sunshine 's always counted  
Among their chiefest joys.

But if there were no showers,  
How tired they would be  
Of sunshine all the livelong day!  
So they have both, you see.

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY HILDA C. WILKIE (AGE 13).

OH, sun and showers of April  
Among the clouds at play,  
You make the hours so pleasant  
Of all this sweet spring day.

Oh, soft gray showers of April,  
That bring the flowers of May,  
So softly pattering overhead,  
What is it that you say?

"Pitter, patter, pitter, patter,  
All the long, mild day,  
Saying farewell to April,  
And ushering in the May."

Oh, sweet sunshine of  
April,  
That makes the violets  
grow,  
You cause the brook's soft  
ripple,  
In murmurs sweet and  
low.

Good-by, dear showers of  
April,  
And merry sunbeams,  
too.

We'll think of you right  
lovingly;  
Farewell to both of you.

#### SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

BY JOHN HERSCHEL NORTH (AGE 9).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

THE uplands by the river  
Are glistening with dew;  
The yellow sun is rising  
Into the azure blue.

A dark gray cloud is lying  
Along the western hills,  
And snow-white fog is hovering  
Above the trickling rills.

And soon the pattering rain-  
drops  
Are falling everywhere;  
I hear them on the shingles,  
And see them in the air.



BY MAY LEWIS CLOSE.

SHOWERS AND  
SUNSHINE.BY MAY LEWIS CLOSE  
(AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

MAGGIE had a garden  
fair,  
Tended it with ceaseless  
care;  
When the sun was on  
the flowers,  
From the flower-pot  
pattered showers.

Of times in the noonday  
sun

Maggie'd stop her play and fun;  
Then a place of pleasant shade  
With her parasol she made.

Thus the flowers in beauty  
grew;  
But they never, never knew  
Maggie's smile the sunshine  
made  
When dark shadows round  
them stayed.

SHOWERS AND SUN-  
SHINE.BY MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER  
(AGE 17).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

SOME days, when nature  
frowns and skies are  
gray,  
And, softly weeping, fall  
the April showers,  
When heaven's pleasant blue  
seems far away,  
And 'neath their tears bow  
down the early flowers,  
A sudden rift will part the  
shroud of night,  
And, like fair messengers  
of love and grace,  
From some far spot come  
countless sunbeams  
bright,  
And kiss to smiles each  
tear-stained flower face.

And thus in life—when  
clouds obstruct the blue  
Of hope's fair skies, if, as the poet sung,  
To our own selves each one of us is true,  
No knell of happy days need e'er be rung;  
And if with trusting eyes we look to see  
The silver lining that is never far,  
Life's brightest sun will shine for you and me,  
And e'en the darkest night will have its star.

## NOT A COWARD.

BY ELEANOR HISSEY (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

TOMMY HEARNS was the only child of a good father  
and mother. He had always been taught that he should  
obey his elders, as they knew what was best for little boys.

Tommy had a cold, and his mother told him not to  
go coasting on his way home from school.

But when he reached the hill there was, as usual, a  
large crowd.

Some of Tommy's companions shouted to him to  
"come on and go coasting," but Tommy shook his  
head and said he could n't. They seemed to think this  
was babyish, and several cried out, "Coward, coward!"  
"Fraid your mother 'll whip you!"

Tommy did not pay much attention to these words,  
but he did n't like to be called a coward.

He continued to go on his way, but he met a crowd of  
girls and, of course, they wanted him to guide their  
"bob" for them.

He told them he was very sorry, but he had to go  
home on account of his cold.

Then one of the girls spoke up and said, "Boys  
always have to go home when we girls want them to  
guide for us."

A little girl called Rosa, one of Tommy's neighbors,

advised Tommy to go. He  
started, but the girl who had  
made the other unkind re-  
mark spoke again, saying:

"I don't care; I think a  
boy is a coward to leave  
us to guide for ourselves.  
He's afraid he'll get hurt.  
Baby!"

Tommy came very near  
crying after this. He had  
been called a "coward"  
twice, and he wondered if he  
really was one.

When he reached home  
he was so worked up over it  
that on entering the door he  
began to cry.

His mother, hearing him,  
came to see what was the  
matter.

She removed his wraps,  
took him in her lap, and then  
asked, "What is the matter,  
dear?"

He told her the story be-  
tween his sobs, and his mo-  
ther only kissed him ten-  
derly. In a few minutes  
he asked, "Mama, am I a  
coward?" and she replied,  
"If obeying your mother  
is being a coward, I wish  
there were more cowards  
in the world."



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY HOMER C. MILLER, AGE 17.

## SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 16).

OH, is it thus St. Swithin reveals his angry soul,  
O'erturning in his righteous wrath his giant pewter bowl?



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HARRIET PARK, AGE 15.

Oh, calm your wrath, St. Swithin!  
The furious storm allay,  
And send a tinted ray of gold across  
the skies of gray.

The sea is raging angrily, the waves  
are beating high,  
The sea-birds utter shrill, sad cries  
beneath the dull, cold sky;  
But now the wind is calming, and see  
yon streak of light  
Glow in the heavens that were so dark  
and now are growing bright.

A flush of crimson, gold, and blue  
illumes the eastern sky,  
The glorious sun glows in the west,  
and clouds go sailing by;  
And toward the heavens the violet  
uplifts its purple head:  
"The sunshine 's all the sweeter for  
the showers that are sped."

#### ALMOST A COWARD.

BY MARY UNDERHILL (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

MAY was twelve years old, and had taken St. NICHOLAS as long as she could remember. Ever since the League was started she had tried to win a prize, but had failed.

At the time I am writing about she was sitting on the sofa biting her pencil and trying to think of something suitable for "A Heading for April." "Well," she said slowly, "I think I'll make something to go with the old rhyme of 'April showers bring May-flowers.'"



"PERFECT WINTER." BY ROSALIE DAY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Well, dear," said her mother, "I have been hunting all over the house for you. But what makes you look so serious?"

Then May told her story. When she finished, her mother looked grave and said, "Well, May, I think you had better decide for yourself."

When her mother finished, May walked slowly and thoughtfully up to her room. Here her eyes fell on a motto over her bed that a little dead sister had worked. The motto was, "Do what conscience says is right." She read it, and then her eyes wandered to a photograph her cousin Jack had taken. "I know what I will do," she cried; "I'll look and see what the photograph is to be this month. I do hope it's something about snow or winter, for if it is I will borrow Jack's camera and take a picture of those lovely snow-laden trees," she said.

Then she pranced gleefully down into the library and looked into the back of the St. NICHOLAS. Here she found that "Deepest Winter" was the subject. Then, looking to see what the others were, she saw that the title of the prose story was to contain the word "Coward." She laughed, and then looked grave and said, "I came rather near being a coward myself."

#### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY MARGARET LARIMER (AGE 11).

My, how the rain is pouring down!

The land is like a sea!

The large black clouds all seem to frown,  
And very angry be.

But, look, the sun is shining!

I think the shower 's o'er;

The large, bright sun knows power is his  
To make earth fair once more.

So if there comes a shower,  
Don't grumble and complain,

For there is always sunshine  
Just following the rain.



"MOUNT TOM IN MIDWINTER." BY RUTH HELEN BRIERLEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Now it's all done except the May-flowers. But I can't draw May-flowers from memory, and I can't find any real ones to copy in January, so I suppose I shall have to copy some picture of them.

"Still—oh, dear me! I wish I had been born without a conscience, for if I do copy them it won't be my own work.

"Here comes mother; I must try not to let her see that anything is the matter."



## SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.



BY MADGE FALCON (AGE 17).

WHEN Marjory frowns, the sun's light disappears,  
And the rain patters down in the form of her tears,  
And the dark clouds roll up, and dull gloom gathers round,  
And nowhere can sunlight or brightness be found;  
And the while her sad tears bring black storm-clouds  
and rain,  
We long for her smile to bring summer again—  
When Marjory frowns.

When Marjory smiles  
there 's a gleam in  
the air,  
And the summer sun  
shines in the gold of  
her hair,  
And her eyes are like bits  
of the blue summer  
sky,  
And her laugh ripples  
sweet as the brook-  
let hard by,  
And the sun in her heart  
makes the world  
bright and gay,  
And it seems as if summer  
had come here to  
stay—  
When Marjory smiles.

### COWARD ISLAND.

BY WILLIA NELSON (AGE 16).

COWARD ISLAND! A strange name, certainly, for an island. "Events make history," 't is said, and events or circumstances are often the means of naming places of infinitely more importance than this little island.

It is a beautiful place, nestling so close to the bank that one might step across. The water flows over the pebbles between with a rippling, gurgling sound, sparkling in the sunlight, sometimes colored, again clear, and ever hurrying on and on to reach the great river that flows to the ocean.

The island is a treasure-house of beauty in many forms. The pebbly shore is strewn with shells of different kinds and of many sizes—the snail, the mussel, and, most curious of all, the petrified shell, which is found everywhere here, especially along the water-courses. It is round and deep, with lines on the outside—a form never seen here alive. On this rock are several leeches, and in this clear pool a "crawdad" is idly lying. It is, I believe, the most interesting specimen of wa-

ter life I have ever seen. The crawdad goes either backward or forward, and when disturbed will disappear under a rock or in the mud with a rapidity that is astonishing.

At one end of the island is some grass, soft, green, and smooth as velvet. Flowers are not wanting. Violets and daisies peep through the grass, nodding and bowing to each other. It is with all flowers as with the lilies. Nothing is "arrayed like one of these."

The willow-tree, with its roots kissed by the water as it ripples by, is swaying its long branches back and forth in the spring breeze. The leaves whisper together in a subdued way, as if afraid some one might hear. The birds sing, squirrels chatter, and all living things seem happy and peaceful.

The true beauty of nature can hardly be expressed in words. Sometimes minute and intricate, sometimes grand and sublime, but always wonderful, are the complicated parts of this earth which we call nature.

### SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY KATHLEEN A. BURGESS  
(AGE 10).

THERE are little showers  
and cloudy skies,  
But sunshine is always  
near;  
The little showers are the  
dry earth's drink,  
And the shine is the food,  
my dear.

The sunshine comes peep-  
ing behind the clouds,  
And with it comes help  
and cheer;

The raindrops are over,  
the showers are gone,

And the sunshine is here, my dear.

But for the drops and little showers,  
No streamlets would ripple clear;  
And May would come without her flowers.  
Now do you see, my dear?

### "RANDY," A REAL COWARD.

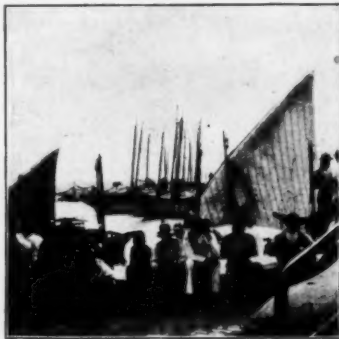
BY KATHERINE TAYLOR (AGE 12).

OUR little dog "Randy" is a great blusterer. He will stand and bark until we can almost hear him say, "If you dare come a step nearer, I'll eat you up, bones and all." He is especially brave and blustering with any one he has a grudge against.

But standing by the railroad track and barking is very different from being alone with me out on a walk in the country, far from home, where the silence and loneliness of Wyoming awe him into cowardice. Let the smallest coyote raise his voice in the weakest wail, and Randy will fly to me for protection, barking, it is true, but with none of the force and vigor he uses at home. I fear he is a real coward.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY V. RADCLIFFE, AGE 14.



"WINTER IN PORTO RICO." BY HELEN ALMY, AGE 10.

## SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS.

BY LOUISE PAINE (AGE 8).

WAKE up, my sweet flowers;  
The sunshine is calling.  
April has come,  
And the rain it is falling.

So wake up, my flowers,  
All nodding your heads;  
So wake up, my flowers,  
From your nice winter beds.

April is here,  
With its fresh spring showers;  
So wake up, my flowers.  
So wake up, my flowers.

## TEDDY'S COWARDICE.

BY MARY TRENDLEY (AGE 17).

TEDDY CONNOR was lying on the nursery floor, wailing. There was no denying that Teddy looked miserable, and he felt more wretched than he looked; for had he not just broken the pretty glass vase with the white lilies in it, and would not his new mama punish him, when she came, because he had spilled the water all over himself?

Teddy was just "half-past five," and was not old enough to go to the "learn to read," as he called school, so he believed everything that nurse told him. Poor little boy! He had never known his own mother, who had died when he was born, and his new mother, whom he was to see for the first time in a few minutes, his nurse had told him, was to be an ugly stepmother, who would whip him.

So this was the reason why Teddy felt so badly; for his new mama would not think that his suit was the proper place for the water that had been in the vase. As he sat there thinking, suddenly an inspiration came to him. "I'm goin' to run away." He had once heard of a boy who had run away and joined a circus; and, although nurse had said that everything bad had happened to that boy, still it was the height of Teddy's ambition to join a circus.

As he thought of this he forgot his misery and started to get ready. Of course he would need his marbles and top. Then he remembered he must take something to eat; but all he could find was some sugar and a lump of very sticky molasses taffy.

He was in the midst of his preparations when he heard some one in the hall, and his heart stopped beating as he heard nurse's voice saying: "I don't know where he is if he ain't in here." Then the door opened, and Teddy saw the most beautiful lady in the world, who could not be his ugly stepmother, but seemed his own mother come to life; so he sprang to her, crying, "Mama!" "My own dear little boy," she murmured, as she put her arms around him.

When Teddy had told his fears she said, "There



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY ELIZABETH BISHOP BALLARD, AGE 17.

is n't to be any stepmother, dear"; and Teddy, although he could not understand, was no longer afraid.

## SHOWERS AND SUNSHINE.

BY EMILY ROSE BURT (AGE 15).

IN the mystic, breezy elf-land,  
Where the flitting fairies play,  
Lived a witching little rascal,  
Dwelt a naughty little fay.

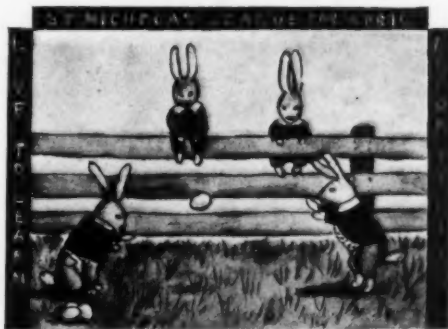
On a morn in showery  
April,  
Called his mother  
from the door:  
"Pink-wing, Pink-wing,  
come here quickly;  
I want something at  
the store.

"Fly you down to Bee-  
foot's grocery;  
Get me thirteen drops  
of honey.  
Hurry, now, for I must  
use it.  
Here, my darling, is  
the money."

From his playground  
Pink-wing heard her,

Came with lagging step and slow.  
Down his cheeks the tear-drops showered;  
"Mother, I don't want to go!"

"Pink-wing, you may keep a penny."  
(Oh, what depths of mother's guile!)  
Through the clouds and dashing tear-drops  
Burst the sunshine of a smile.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY EMILIE C. FLAGG, AGE 16.





"DEEPEST WINTER." BY RALPH E. SMALLEY, AGE 15.

#### CHAPTERS.

No. 614. Bernard Fry, President; Philip Goldberg, Secretary; four members. Address, 6 W. 117th St., New York City.

No. 615. "Puritan." Irwin Elmer, President; Herbert Elmer, Secretary; ten members. Address, Wareham, Mass.

No. 616. Katherine Janeway, President; Mary Williams, Secretary; nine members. Address, 64 Bayard St., New Brunswick, N. J.

No. 617. "Be Home Before Dark." Rosalind Cundiff, President; Ava Quigley, Secretary; seven members. Address, 216 E. Broadway, Sedalia, Mo.

No. 618. "Do-as-you-please House." Richard Foster, President; Clarence Hawthaway, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Box 305, Sharon, Mass.

No. 619. "Banner." Miss K. Shrubshell, President; Agnes Carney, Secretary; four members. Address, Richfield Springs, N. Y.

#### LETTERS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Pardon me for not thanking you sooner for my prize check. I have been on the sick-list.

We were all so pleased and surprised. I really did not expect a prize. I tried so hard this summer, and at the last minute I had an accident with my negatives and could only save that one.

Heading my list of Christmas wishes is a new subscription of ST. NICHOLAS, and I feel sure of it, for mama and papa declare they could never raise children without ST. NICHOLAS, and tell everybody so.

Once more I thank you, and wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your constant reader,

HUGO GRAF.

CLINTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although on the 12th of December I was eighteen and an ex-member of the League, my interest in that institu-

tion shall be unabated; for I am bound to it by beautiful prizes and my first success. I am very grateful to ST. NICHOLAS for what it has done for me and for hundreds of others, and shall always wish it success in the future. Some of my most enjoyable hours of the past few years have been spent reading the League or writing for its pages. For this I am thankful, and trust I may be successful in life, if only to reflect credit on its name.

DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The gold badge and your good wishes reached me last night. I've worked hard to be deserving of the honor, but it is well worth it all. But, instead of satisfying, it spurs one on to new activities. I have been looking up in my dictionary: joy, delight, pleasure, ecstasy, rapture, triumph—no one of these expresses one's feelings; perhaps it would take them all.

LUTHER DANA FERNALD.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years, and shall continue to do so as long as I can. I have always loved you before, but since the League has been organized you are much more interesting than ever. I have contributed to the League a good many times, but have never won a prize. I do hope my contribution for June will win one, because then I will be so much encouraged. I am particularly fond of collections of different kinds, and have quite a good one of wild flowers, also a monogram collection, and one of photographs. My brother and I have a large collection of postal-cards, of which we are very proud. We live most of the year in the country, and have a pony on which we take long rides. I love gardening, and have a garden of my own. I am a great "book-worm" and have a great many books.

Your interested reader,  
HELEN RIVES.

SCHUYLER, NED.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: With this contribution for April I must say good-bye to the League, as I have almost reached the age limit; and now, before the doors close behind me, I want to thank you for the gold and silver medals, for the two times you have published my work as "meritorious," and for all the encouragement you have given me in the two years that I have been a member.

Very sincerely yours,

MARCIA LOUISE WEBBER.

We have received other interesting and appreciative letters from Geva Rideal, Mabel C. Stark, Benjamin Davenport, Pearl E. Kellogg, Aline J. Dreyfus, Philip Stark, Alice Brockett, Elizabeth O. Bolles, Edith M. Andrews, Edward Wimsley Ashmead, Margaret W. Mandell, Ruth Huntley, Catharine B. Hooper, Ralph Siggins, Ruth H. Matz, Fredericka Bain, Alma Kisch, Elizabeth Beale, B. L. Hammond, Helen S. Strong, Elsie Kimball Wells, Ruth Draper, Salome B. Allen, Flora Miller, H. Boswell Hawley, Agnes Dorothy Campbell, Gertrude Schirmer, Annamary Milliken, and Marguerite Houck.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to League badge and membership, free.



"ORNAMENT." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 14.



"HEADING." BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, AGE 14.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY A. BROOKS LISTER, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE.)

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

#### VERSE 1.

Harold R. Norris  
Maud Dudley Shackelford  
May H. Ryan  
Marie Margaret Kirkwood  
Florence L. Bain  
Irwin Tucker  
Doris Webb  
Gertrude Louise Cannon  
Alice T. Huyler  
Elizabeth Otis

Doris Franchlyn  
Gladys Gaylord  
Donna J. Todd  
Fry Marie Hanley  
Elsa B. C. Clark  
Alex S. Dubin  
Jessica Nelson North  
Clara P. Pond

#### VERSE 2.

Beth Howard  
Katherine Kuiz

Marguerite Beatrice Child  
Edith M. Airy  
Lulu Larnabee  
Estelle E. Barnes  
Hilda van Emster  
Wellington Gustin  
F. Eugene O'Neill  
Elsie Kimball Wells  
Bessie Stella Jones  
Nora Butler  
Edith Julia Ballou  
Mary Clara Tucker  
William G. Sharp

Donald Messer  
Edward R. Turner  
Alma Robinson  
Lois Gilbert Sutherland  
Jessie I. Brown  
Kenneth Perkins  
Winifred Hemming  
Frances Curdis  
Mildred C. Jones  
Marjory Leasingham  
Burton E. Smith  
Margaret Helen Bennett



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET WINTHROP PECK, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Edith C. Bunting  
Maria L. Llano  
Raymond Kahn  
Elsie F. Weil  
Grace Reynolds Douglas  
Gladys Edgerton  
A. Elizabeth Goldberg  
Norman Lindau  
Alice K. Fletcher  
Margaret Norton  
Anna C. Heffern  
Dorothy Joyce  
Elizabeth Goodwin Hart  
Lewis Kimberly  
Eleanor Louise Halpin

#### PROSE 1.

Anna E. Gilykson  
Ivy Varian Walthe  
James B. Taney  
Dorothy Eyre Robinson  
Edith L. Brundage  
Louise W. Bray  
Eda G. Stites  
Sherman H. Bowles  
Ruth B. Beshgetour  
Alice L. Halligan  
Charles P. Howard  
Peirce E. Johnson  
Jesse D. Schwartz

Mary Alice Shaw  
Mary Lord Fairbanks  
Alisa MacCallum Frank  
Carol S. Williams  
Beatrice Evelyn Pattee  
Lola Hall  
Kirkland H. Day  
Marie Cole  
Marian Mactavish  
Ray Randall  
Gertrude Kaufmann  
Mary Belle McKellar  
Edwin C. Kaelber  
Stuart Griffin  
Carroll Armstrong Bagby

Leonard Fanning  
Margaret Minaker  
Elizabeth Foulds  
Lawrence Grey Evans  
Dorothea Hartung  
Phyllis Cooper  
Dorothy Kuhns  
Junata Fairchild  
Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff

#### PROSE 2.

Lizzie Symon  
Edna Mead  
Charles T. Jennings  
Elizabeth Parker  
Laura Chadwick Wescott  
Elizabeth Q. Bolles  
Charlie Grundstrom  
Elizabeth E. Robertson  
Earl D. Van Doman  
Mary P. Parsons  
Randolph S. Bourne  
Camille Du Rose  
Mabel Fletcher  
Ethel Berman  
Mabel Luskombe  
E. Bunting Moore  
Herrick Harwood  
Hescoe Adams  
Mary Redfield Adam  
Hailassah Backus  
Katherine G. Leech  
Carrie Seligman  
Sidney F. Kimball  
Ann Violet Wittwer  
Daisy Deutsch  
Kathleen Carrington  
Frank Mabley Haltewanger  
Isabel Williamson  
Anna Dutton  
Albert Wescott  
Arthur West  
Ellen Dorothy Bach  
Leslie Bradley  
Mildred T. Bacon  
Gertrude Wilcox  
N'ryl Beresford



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY SIDNEY MORSE, AGE 15.

Virginia Clark  
G. Herbert Duncan  
Greta Wetherill Kernan  
Margaret Gordon  
Madeleine Appleton  
Katharine Finch  
Mary A. Wales  
Francis Marion Miller  
Kathleen Murphy  
Katharine Sergeant  
Susan E. Miller  
Annie Costikyan  
Anna Sprague  
Jessica Biddle  
Dorothy Lenroot  
Emma E. Murphy  
Marie Kurz  
Helen Wetz Balfie  
Dorothy Clements  
Helen Wilson  
Evelyn Oliver Foster  
Paul Nicholls  
Valentine Raloue  
Yseult Parnell  
Ignacio Baüer

## DRAWINGS 1.

Florence Murdoch  
Tom Benton  
Cordner H. Smith  
A. D. Fuller  
Nancy Barnhart  
Elizabeth McCormick  
Elizabeth R. Scott  
Letha Dane  
Joseph B. Mazzano  
Donald McIlwaine  
Marion K. Cobb  
J. Bertram Hills  
William Davis Gordon  
Jessie Louise Taylor  
Alice Delano  
Maude M. Maddock  
Roger K. Lane  
Otto H. Lacher  
Joseph W. McQuirk  
Alice Howland  
Margaret Wynn Yancey  
Mary F. Watkins  
Fannie Taylor  
Fern Forrester  
Ellen Soumarokoff Elston  
Ruth Kellogg Pine  
John Allen  
Beth Howard  
Lucy Mackenzie

Muriel Evans  
Virginia Lyman  
Edith Daggett  
Arthur E. Bye  
Arthur Hutchins  
Charlotte Morton  
Violet Ethel Hyde  
Laura A. Chanler  
Jacqueline Overton  
Isadore Douglas  
Grace M. Burby  
Eleanor Woodward  
Helen de Veer  
Douglas  
Ernest La Prade  
Ernest Doyle  
Frances A.  
Mitchell  
A. Sheldon Pen-  
noyer  
Frances E. Hays  
Margaret Gould  
Harder  
Marguerite Eastman  
George Macauley

Marguerite Eastman  
George Macauley  
Raphael Mora, Jr.

Phoebe H. Wethey  
Sarah Flock  
Alice H. Miller  
Louis Nicoud  
Margaret Sharpe  
Edna Phillips  
Jessie H. Hewitt  
Julia Coolidge  
Aline J. Dreyfus  
Helen Elizabeth Ellis  
Jessica Lewis  
Irene Gaylord Farnham  
Margaret Nicholson  
Elizabeth W. Pardee  
Maud Sylvia Fuller  
Anne Heap Cleaves  
Gertrude Emerson  
Walter Palenske  
Eleanor F. L. Clement  
Ruth Hazen Heath  
Ella A. Rosenblatt  
Mac Bossert  
Margaret McKeon  
Lucy O. Beck  
Ella Munsterberg  
Ruth Jones  
Alice M. Helm  
George B. Forristall  
Helen F. Jones  
Katharine Dudley  
Clara Licht  
Barbara Bradley  
Adelaide Gillis  
Elva Woodson  
Marquette Davis  
Clara Sherman  
Helen Clark Crane  
Bertha Gage Stone

Louise Robbins  
Blanche Coffee  
Isabel Reynolds Krauth  
Wanda Greinisen  
Mary T. Howell  
Charlotte Stark  
Stella Metzger  
Marjorie Sibyl Heck  
Edward Scott Swasey  
Mabel Wilson Whiteley  
Betty Lockett  
Virginia Brand  
Stephen Bonsal White  
Margaret L. Wood  
Addie Wright  
Lucy Elder  
Eleanor M. Wilkie  
Freddie Arnstein  
Dorothy P. Bower  
Merton J. Hubert  
Bessie Brown  
Grace Stone  
Dorothy Dickinson  
Harriet C. Selkirk  
Ethel Dagwood  
Madeleine Fleischer  
Sarah L. Coffin  
Janet T. Flanner  
Mary O. Lawrence  
Albert Livingston Rabb  
Margaret King  
Margaret Howson  
Lucie Mildred  
Harriet K. Walker  
Landon Hammond  
Marion Myers  
Signe Swanstrom  
Helen G. Waterman  
Lila A. Wheelock  
Marjory Ann Harrison  
Lily Hutchinson Mears  
Freda M. Harrison  
Margery Bradshaw  
Ethel Messervy  
Margaret Lantz Daniell

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Ruth Londoner  
Henry H. Hickman  
C. R. Conkey  
Harriett R. Spaeth  
Howard L. Cross  
Henry Ormsby Phillips  
John C. Wister  
S. Butler Murray, Jr.  
Amy Baldwin  
Arthur Henrici  
Irene N. Mack  
Lawrence Sheridan  
Anna M. McKechnie  
Edith Fitz  
Hugo Graf  
Gordon Thompson  
Gertrude W. Smith  
Alice L. Hill  
Jos. Rogers Swindell  
J. W. Stokes  
George Rodman Goethals

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Fred Linden Clark  
Warren Grand  
Mary Clarke  
Philip A. Burton  
Julius Bien III  
Chandler W. Ireland  
Sidney D. Gamble  
Lillian Cotton  
Chester U. Palmer  
Alfred H. Thatcher  
Elizabeth Lawrence Marshall  
Emily E. Howson  
Edward McKee Very  
Canema Bowers  
Grace Morgan Jarvis  
Florence L. Kemway  
Ada Harriet Case  
Kathleen A. Grand  
Mabel Murray  
Floyd Godfrey



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARJORIE BETTS, AGE 13.

Warner A. Ebbets  
Allen P. Salmon  
Philip Little  
W. Keuter Laughlin  
M. Alice Clark  
Marguerite Strathy  
Dorothea Clapp  
Raymond Skinner Frost  
Richard A. Reddy  
Lucile Cochran

Helen F. Moloney  
Elizabeth A. Gest  
Herbert Clifford Jackson  
Newman Levy  
Dora C. Gallagher  
Jack J. Hinman, Jr.  
Claude Kauffman  
Blvor Scheppy  
Mabel Belt  
Helen E. Jacoby

Julia Wilder Kurtz  
Lois Janvier  
Natale Mitchell  
Delia Farley Dana  
Katharine C. Browning  
William W. Wright  
Dorothea Baldwin  
Dorothy Miller  
Arch D. Hinkle  
Doris L. Nash



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY DOROTHY HARDY RICHARDSON, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY N. JOHNSON, AGE 14.

Eleanor May Barker  
Thurlow S. Widger  
Jas. W. Young  
John L. Hopper  
Walter R. Jones  
Joseph Warrington  
Stokes  
Irene Wetmore  
Edward R. Squibb II  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Lawrence T. Hemmen-  
way  
Helena L. Camp  
Julie W. Smith  
Eleanor Nagle  
Margaret Taylor  
Thad R. Goldsberry  
Gordon Andrews  
Ruby F. Allen  
Frederic C. Smith  
C. D. Armstrong  
Ruth Crawford  
Springer H. Brooks  
Gertrude Slocum  
Henry Morgan Brooks  
George Hill  
Isabelle Coolidge  
Marsha D. McKechnie  
Grace R. Jones  
Mildred Crawley  
Charlotte Allen  
Helen B. Sloan  
Virginia Murray  
Bessie P. Frick  
Ruth Borger  
Richard Rogers Peabody  
Elizabeth S. Brengle  
Gertrude H. Henry  
W. Caldwell Webb

## PUZZLES 1.

Margaret C. Wilby  
Ruth Wales  
Margaret Morris  
Philip Stark  
Vashli Kaye  
Herbert Allen Boas  
Howard Hosmer  
Margery Hoffman  
Ruth L. Valentine  
Douglas Todd  
Medora Addison  
Julia M. Addison  
Walter Bryant Hervey  
Dorothea M. Dexter  
Louis Stix Weiss

## PUZZLES 2.

Freda Phillips  
Elsie W. Dignan  
Margaret W. Mandell  
Priscilla Lee  
Paul Ockert  
Sarah E. Hammond  
Edward Walmsley Ashmead  
Elsie S. Riker  
Harold Griffin  
Helen F. Carter  
Margaret Stevens  
Elizabeth Palmer Luper  
J. Thayer Addison  
Walter J. Schloss  
Edgar Howard Flanders  
Paul T. Arnold  
Lita Voelchert  
Dorothy M. Wagner  
Helen Semple  
Margaret Abbott

## PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 43.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

**A Special Cash Prize.** To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

**Competition No. 43** will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the words "Sunrise" or "Sunset."

**Prose.** Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title, "Polly's Fourth."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted, but

no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Early Spring." May be interior or exterior.

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Heading for July" and "A Bit of Nature."

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

**Wild-animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



## THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY LOULOU SLÖET, AGE 15.

## RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square,  
New York.



"A TAILPIECE FOR APRIL." BY SOPHY DUPLESSIS BEVLARD, AGE 9.



# BOOKS AND READING



W.H.M.

**BOOKS ON NATURE STUDY.** In reply to our request for a list of books suitable to the outdoor season that will soon begin, a young friend from Brooklyn, Alexander B. Morris, has very kindly supplied a list which comes in a cordial letter. First, he names three books by Ernest Thompson Seton: "Lives of the Hunted," "Wild Animals I have Known," and "The Sandhill Stag"; then two by W. J. Long: "Secrets of the Woods" and "School of the Woods." Besides these are three by M. O. Wright: "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts," with its sequel, "Wabeno, the Magician" and "Four-footed Americans." There is one of W. H. Gibson's, "Eye Spy," and a quartette about butterflies: "Caterpillars and their Moths," "Butterfly Book," "Moths and Butterflies," and "Every-day Butterflies." A half-dozen more finish his list: "Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet," by L. E. Richards; "Natural History," A. H. Miles; "Homes Without Hands," J. G. Wood; "Nature's Wonderland," J. S. Kingsley and E. Breck; "Our Native Trees," H. L. Keeler; "The Desert World," A. Mangin.

This seems a good list, though somewhat lacking in books about the ocean and the seashore. Many of our girls and boys will spend the summer days by the breakers, and surely they will find plenty of curiosities that need explanation. Will some other wise friend send us names of books that will be of use to the lovers of nature and salt air? New books about flowers might also be named.

**TESTING THE MEMORY.** Try, after you have read a book you have enjoyed, putting it out of your mind completely for a week. Then recall some scene and write down what you can remember of it—afterward comparing the book itself with what you have written. Perhaps, after making this experiment once or twice, you will learn to understand why Sir Walter Raleigh destroyed the manuscript of his "History of the World." You will be an unusually careful reader if you do

not make a number of mistakes even after so short a time as seven days.

**"TWELFTH-NIGHT" PRIZES.** Our young authors found this subject too difficult to treat in the short space allowed them, and therefore failed to produce very good essays on the subject. All things considered, the best three papers submitted were by the following:

## PRIZE-WINNERS.

FLORENCE HELEN WOOD (15), Stratford, Connecticut.

JULIA H. PRICE (11), 426 W. 124th Street, New York City.

BESSIE E. MORGAN (17), Rochester High School, Rochester, N. Y.

Will each of these winners of a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS kindly let us know with what month she desires the prize-subscription to begin?

Creditable articles were sent in also by the following young authors:

Edward H. Bonsall, Jr.	Mildred Newmann
Max Palm, Jr.	David Griffith
Eva Gowanlock	Frances White
Lucile Ramon Byrne	Mary Flannery

We print the little essay by Florence Wood:

## TWELFTH-NIGHT.

TWELFTH-NIGHT is the eve, not the night, of Twelfth-day, which comes twelve days after Christmas day.

Many names and associations cluster around this season.

This day is celebrated among Christians as the festival of the Epiphany, or of the "manifestation." There has been some difference of opinion as to what "manifestation" this day particularly commemorates. The very ancient church celebrated it as the birthday of Christ. Later it was held in memory of the manifestations of the miraculous power of Christ; but the Western Church particularly held it in memory of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, by the visit of the Three Wise Men, or the Magi, to the baby Jesus.



For a long time the sovereigns of England have made an oblation of gold, frankincense, and myrrh at this season.

The following is from "Thi Star-Song: A Caroll to the King," by Herrick:

Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King  
Each one his severall offering.

The Twelfth-tide has long been a "social festival" of "merry England," and many are the gay pranks, customs, and masquerades of this merry time.

The farmers of Devonshire, England, follow the very interesting and perhaps well-known custom of "wassailing" the fruit-trees, in order to insure much fruit for the following year.

There is also the "Twelfth-cake" with a bean hidden in one of its pieces. The person drawing this piece by lot becomes the king or queen of the festivities of the season.

This season is also quaintly named "Little Christmas"; perhaps because it is the closing of the Christmas-tide, when the Christmas holly and mistletoe are burned, while nuts are roasting, and many merry pranks being played.

This time is also called "the lights" or "day of lights."

A new prize-topic is suggested at the end of this page.

**BOOKS AND REAL-ITIES.** IT is not so very long ago that children were thought to be wasting time when they read fiction. To-day that opinion is not often held, and much is done to encourage young people in their reading. Schools and libraries work together to compose lists of "good books" and to draw up "courses of reading"; parents and relatives seek attractive books for birthday or Christmas presents. Children who do not care for reading cause anxious thought to their elders.

No doubt the objection to fiction was too sweeping; but, in reforming, have we not gone too far to the other extreme? Are we not now likely to overvalue reading? It is well to bear in mind always that realities are outside of the printed page, and that reflected and limited views of life—oftentimes distorted or incomplete—will be taken by those who rely only upon books for knowledge of the world. The best author can do no more than show you life as he sees it. If he be a great author and a good man, his view may be nobler than your own; but yet it is not your own, and is a

"second-hand" view. Fiction should always be read with reserve, that is, with a sense that it is not real. Otherwise, as a writer has put it, "reading awakens and exhausts sympathy upon the unreal. It makes you weep tears over imaginary suffering while you remain unmoved amid realities. You will become hardened if you waste your sympathy on pictures when you owe it to real flesh and blood. You are living in a world of realities, not shadows." When made-up stories move you more than true happenings, you are overvaluing fiction and undervaluing life. Let reading, therefore, teach you to see, not divert, your eyes from the living facts around you.

**READING IN SCHOOL-WORK.** We shall be glad to hear from teachers or scholars about the study of literature in school-hours. There are so many schools where ST. NICHOLAS is a regular visitor that you may be able to help one another by sending suggestions to this department. Any good ideas that may be sent in will be shown or reported for the general benefit.

**READING WITH A SYSTEM.** HAVE any of our young students a good system for reading the books they ought to read?—such, for instance, as a little blank-book or diary with spaces for keeping an account of their progress week by week? We should be glad to hear from any such systematic student.

**THE TOPIC FOR THIS MONTH.** IN order to give a subject that can be written upon by all,—including those who have not large libraries within reach,—we will offer three prizes this month for the best new story about "Alice"—the Alice who visited "Wonderland." That is, you are to make up a new adventure for Alice—to tell about her meeting some new character not mentioned in the book. The story must not be longer than three hundred words, and must be sent to the Books and Reading Department before April 25, under the usual conditions. Give your name, age, address, and the indorsement of originality. The three prizes will be three juvenile books selected from those published by the Century Co., or, if preferred, subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS, as the winners of the contest may choose.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE fine story "A Race and a Rescue," which appears on page 541 of this number, is reprinted by permission of the publishers from a delightful book by Eleanor Gates, entitled "The Biography of a Prairie Girl." The thrilling experience so admirably set forth in this single story will whet the reader's appetite; and the book contains many chapters no less entertaining. "The Biography of a Prairie Girl" is indeed a true and vivid record of youthful life in the great West, which ought to be read by every American girl and boy.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I like you very much. My favorite short stories are the stories about the "Imp," "The Arrival of Jimpson," "Mistress Cinderella," "Some Great Sea Fights," "The Kid," "Elena's Captive," "The Boy of Galatia," "The New Boy," "Life-saving, Old and Young," "The Life-savers' Ride of a Hundred Miles," "Tom, Jr., Tomboy," "The Lakerim Athletic Club" (long story) and "Baby Elton." These are my favorite long stories: "The Story of Betty," "The Sole Survivors," "Bright Sides of History," "The Junior Cup" and "The Junior Cup—Afterward," "Tommy Remington's Battle," "Careers of Danger and Daring," "A Frigate's Namesake," "Sir Marrok," and "The Story of King Arthur."

Your loving reader,  
HELEN R. (age 13).

HERE is a letter from the most distant of our new possessions:

CEBU, CEBU, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to receive a letter from Cebu. Even though it is so far away, my sister and I always look forward to the coming of ST. NICHOLAS.

We have a Chinaman cook that cannot read a word of English, so he tells what is in the cans of food by the pictures on the can. One day my mother gave the order to have baked beans; but the beans came in the same kind of cans as brown bread, even put up by the same firm with the same kind of wrapper, so it was not surprising that we had brown bread instead of baked beans. There is a story over here of a man who carried on an extensive trade with canned milk, but he thought he would put on a more elaborate wrapper with a different picture. Soon he began to notice that the trade in milk was almost stopped over here. The reason was that the natives did not know the new wrapper, and thought that it was something else.

Every evening at dinner we have great numbers of lizards right on the ceiling over the table. It is great fun to watch them fight and catch insects.

I am your interested reader,

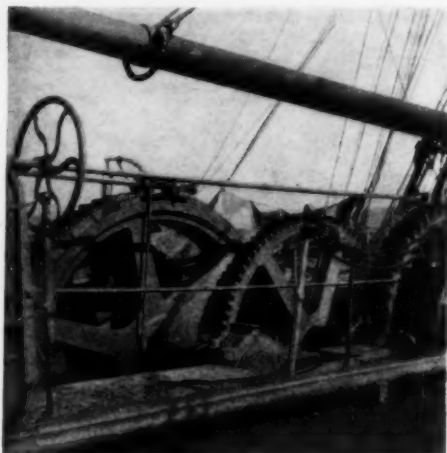
FOLLETT BRADLEY (age 12).

And here is another from our Pacific Ocean territory:

HAWAII, U. S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a picture of the picking-up gear of the cable-ship "Silvertown" which I took with my camera. She is a very large ship, and carried the cable in great tanks from which it was paid out into the ocean. If the cable is lost in the ocean they would

use this to pick it up again. As this was the first cable connecting the United States with these islands, there was great excitement the day it was landed. It was a



THE PICKING-UP GEAR OF THE CABLE-SHIP.

holiday for every one, and in the afternoon the cable was christened.

We have been here for two months, and were very lucky to see the cable landed. We are going home soon to our home in Elmira.

Sincerely yours,  
HARDEN DE VALSON PRATT.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every year till now I have had you in bound form. I am glad to say you are coming each month. I am a League member, and I am now going to do steady work in it.

I am so glad you have a continued story, especially written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

I have few pets, but my cat and pigeons, and hopes of a dog, satisfy me, because I am playing outdoors all the time.

I'm just getting over pneumonia, in which my bound ST. NICHOLAS's were a great comfort.

Your loving reader,

KATHARINE A. PAGE (age 11).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living on a farm in Sherborn. I look forward to you every month with great joy. I read every bit of you, and think you are very interesting. My brother took you before I did a good many years. The best thing that I like on the farm is my pony; he is so gentle. Sometimes I drive him and sometimes I ride him. He is a good roadster. My sister has a parrot; it does not talk much now, as he is very young; but I hope he will soon, for I think they are so funny when they talk.

Yours,

ANNA CAROLINE SHILLABER.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

**BOX PUZZLE.** From 1 to 9, enjoy; 3 to 1, she; 3 to 4, scald; 4 to 2, day; 3 to 5, shade; 4 to 6, dense; 5 to 6, epode; 7 to 8, tense; 7 to 9, those; 8 to 10, erect; 9 to 10, edit; 3 to 7, sit; 4 to 8, Dee; 6 to 10, eat; 5 to 9, ere.

**DIAMOND.** 1. H. 2. Bow. 3. Below. 4. Holiday. 5. Woden. 6. War. 7. Y.

**TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.** Initials, St. Patrick's Day. 1. Sam-ple. 2. Ten-der. 3. Peri-ous. 4. Ann-oy-s. 5. Thought-ful. 6. Reside-nce. 7. Intellect-ual. 8. Custom-ary. 9. Kind-er-ful. 10. Sum-mon. 11. Dread-ful. 12. Author-ize. 13. Yield-ing.

**DOUBLE DIAGONAL.** Fireside. 1. Fade. 2. Bide. 3. Tire. 4. Sure.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Bella Wilfer; finals, Lucy Bertram. 1. Babel. 2. Elihu. 3. Liliu. 4. Lucky. 5. Ahlah. 6. Where. 7. Ichor. 8. Light. 9. Floor. 10. Extra. 11. Roman.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Ground hog. 1. Raged. 2. Cargo. 3. Grown. 4. Mouse. 5. Lunar. 6. Jaded. 7. Usher. 8. Roomy. 9. Eagle.

**CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Webster. 1. Sower. 2. Friends. 3. Table. 4. Lobster. 5. Latch. 6. Literal. 7. Error.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Polyphemus. 1. Parrot. 2. Octagon. 3. Laces. 4. Yardstick. 5. Pumpkin. 6. Horse. 7. Elephant. 8. Money. 9. Umbrella. 10. Spear.

**BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.** 1. Mourn. 2. Mains. 3. Dish. 4. Thighs. 5. Wands. 6. Owes. 7. Scared. 8. Knots. 9. Bar. 10. Spine. 11. Gift. 12. Ewer. 13. Closed. 14. Find. 15. Ether. 16. Braces. 17. Fort. 18. Hint. 19. Teased. 20. Awe. 21. Swing.

**CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Rise. 2. Aloe. 3. Soar. 4. Eery. II. 1. Roar. 2. Once. 3. Acce. 4. Reek. III. 1. Mate. 2. Arab. 3. Tar. 4. Eboa. IV. 1. Year. 2. Come. 3. Asia. 4. Reap. V. 1. Kick. 2. Iron. 3. Knew. VI. 1. Near. 2. Etna. 3. Anta. 4. Rasp. VII. 1. Park. 2. Aron. 3. Rome. 4. Kne.

**FALSE COMPARATIVES.** 1. Board, boarder; ban, banner. 2. Pill, pillar; ache, acre. 3. Bit, bitter; slip, slipper. 4. Rank, rancor; gate, gait, gaiter. 5. Bet, better; mast, matter. 6. Clove, clover; bow, bower. 7. Din, dinner; cape, caper. 8. Cow, cower; let, letter. 9. Post, poster; lad, ladder.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "M. McG."—Edward McKey Very—"Alili and Adi"—"Marcapan"—Daniel Milton Miller—Joe Carlsda—"The Thayer Co."—Theodore W. Gibson—"Chuck"—Alice C. Martin—William Six Weiss—"Johnny Bear"—Mabel, George, and Henri—Mrs. C. G. Waldo—Alice T. Huyler—Louis Greenfield—H. S., A. T., E. T., and R. T.—Bernice W. Walworth—Mollie G.—No name, Brunswick, Mo.—Gabrielle C. Weber—Frances Coon Dudley—Philip Eaton—Alice D. Karr—Tyler H. Bliss—"Marlborough"—Marian Priestly Goulmin—Margery Quigley—Morton L. Wallerstein—F. Morgan Pile, Jr.—Mary R. Bacon—Basco Hammond—Helen B. Green—No name, Woburn, Mass.—Ethel G. Voorhees—Clara J. McKenney—Allen West—Elsie A. Turner—Helen Kingsbury—Osmond Kessler Fraenkel—Constance, Roswell, and Louise—Annette Howe Carpenter—Frederica and Lawrence Mead—Mary Burrough—Carlton King—Helen Garrison—Lillian Sarah Burt—Hugh Cameron—William R. M. Very—Philip S. Beebe—Christine Graham—Mary C. Demarest—Mollie Naylor—Sumner Ford—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—Elizabeth T. Harned—Marjorie Anderson—George T. Colman—Marguerite Hollowell—Wilkie Giholm—Mira L. McGregor—P. L. Bryant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "Get," 6—Dorothea M. Dexter, 5—E. Bengert, 1—Edith S. Kaskel, 5—M. V. Whitney, 1—F. Goldman, 1—H. R. Althool, 1—Dollie Cunningham, 6—H. W. Bigelow, 3—Alberta E. Horn, 8—Philip Roberts, 3—Marian Smith, 8—Hilda Millet, 7—S. C. Titus, 1—A. De Renne, 1—M. Pratt, 1—M. F. Butler, 1—Gladys C. Lawrence, 4—Mary Lowell, 8—Lillian Jackson, 6—K. H. Toadvin, 1—Elizabeth D. Pierce, 5—Eather M. Walker, 6—Alice McGuffey, 2—Elizabeth Clarke, 7—Annabel Lea, 2—Amelia S. Ferguson, 8—Louise F. Houghton, 7—Bessie Sweet Gallup, 8—Charlotte M. H. Beath, 6—Oswald Reich, 4—Coma R. Alford, 2—Carroll B. Clark, 3—Louise K. Cowdrey, 8—Elsie McCosh, 3—Margaret C. Wilby, 7—Deane F. Ruggles, 7—Carmelita McCahill, 6—Emma Swezey, 7—Paul F. Shontal, 8.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. A measure. 2. A kind of soft earth. 3. A gardening implement. 4. Parts of the head.

ABRAHAM WEINBERG (League Member).

### A CONCEALED POET.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these eight words (all contain the same number of letters) have been singly curtailed, eight new words will remain; and when these are written one below another, the initials will spell the title of a famous poem, while the finals will spell the name of its author.

1. Some one said that he yet had seven days more.
2. Although I desist now, I will soon begin again.
3. The egg soon hatched and out came a yellow chick.
4. The wolf, Lobo, ate the poisoned meat.
5. The Arno flows through sunny Italy.

6. I will open the big door for you.

7. The apple on the table is mine.

8. If peace would ensue then the bloody war would cease.

MARION LANE.

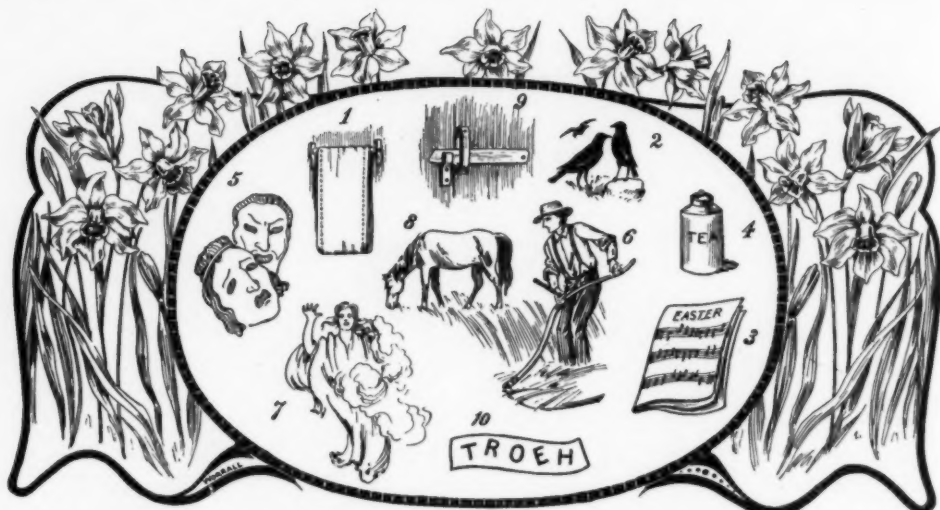
### ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell a sportive time.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Pertaining to one of the continents. 2. Dress. 3. Queer. 4. Discourteous. 5. Three of one kind. 6. Convictions. 7. A South American river. 8. A close, dark prison, commonly underground. 9. Pleasing to people in general. 10. Roughly. 11. Persuaded. 12. Peoples. 13. Not so old.

KATHARINE H. WEAD.

**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

WHEN the ten objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a poet who wrote some beautiful verses about the daffodils. The letters under number ten are to be rearranged so as to form a word.

**DIAGONAL.**

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a philosopher.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A pattern. 2. Cleverer. 3. A thin plate of metal used in marking. 4. Crying aloud. 5. A blessing. 6. To name. 7. A fine house.

MARIAN SMITH (League Member).

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG.**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 . . . 3  
\* . . . \*  
\* . . . \*  
\* . . . \*  
\* . . . \*  
\* . . . \*  
\* . . . \*  
2 . . . 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To permit. 2. Certain insects. 3. Want of interest. 4. Malice. 5. Dull. 6. Before. 7. A cheat. 8. To long.

From 1 to 2, the home of the poet named by the letters from 3 to 4. NEIL A. CAMERON.

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

I AM composed of seventy-three letters, and form a couplet from a poem by Whittier.

My 44-63-28-6-18-55-9-39 was the place of a famous defeat. My 17-60-2-65-50-47-25-55-64-69-23-34 is a large city of the United States. My 73-37-52-48-38-15-20 is a city of Saxony. My 68-51-71-13-36-40-21 is a winter sport. My 12-57-33-30-45-21-10 is alien. My 24-8-4-

49-61-58 is a parent. My 62-34-31-67-3 is the European thistle. My 1-42-72-11-35 is to beat. My 59-19-46-26 is very small. My 41-5-70-53 is at that time. My 16-43-66-7 is observed. My 51-27-29 is knowledge. My 22-14-54-56-32 is subject. FRANCIS WOLLE (League Member).

**NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL.**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 . . . . .  
\* . . . .  
\* . . . .  
\* . . . .  
3 . . . . .  
\* . . . . 2  
\* . . . .  
\* . . . .  
\* . . . .  
\* . . . . 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Consequence. 2. Delicate. 3. Hearken. 4. Pleasing by delicacy or grace. 5. A guide. 6. A column. 7. To pursue. 8. To sever into two or more parts. 9. Sorrow. 10. Moves with a sudden spring.

From 1 to 2 a certain spring festival; from 3 to 4, flowers that are often seen at the festival.

MARION E. SENN.

**A CAT-AND-DOG PUZZLE.**

EXAMPLE: My cat takes a pinch to make an herb. Answer, cat-nip.

1. My cat takes a sum to make an animal. 2. My dog angles to make a small shark. 3. My cat takes part of a Greek chorus and makes a calamity. 4. My dog takes a common abbreviation and makes a tenet. 5. My cat takes relatives and makes an ament. 6. My dog takes a prominent actor and makes Sirius. 7. My cat takes a heavy stick of wood and makes a list. 8. My dog takes a forest and makes a starry blossom.

MARGARET TWITCHELL (League Member).

**DIAMOND.**

1. In Sunday. 2. To ask earnestly. 3. A number. 4. A precious stone. 5. In Sunday.

THEODORE W. GIBSON (League Member).

